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MAY 25, 1973

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

Watergate: The Long Count

Shielding the Press

By PATRICK D. MAINES
National Review Staff Writer

Late last June, the Supreme Court ruled that news reporters have no constitutional privilege to refuse investigative subpoenas. This case has come to be known as the "Caldwell" decision. Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetuer euismod tempor incidunt ut labore et dolo enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exerc ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat, At vero eos et accusam et iusto odio dignis provident tempor sunt in culpa qui officia soluta nobis eligend optio congue nihil im facer possim omnis voluptas assumenda es quinusd et aur office debit aut tum rerum n dixer per se ipsad optabil, sed quiran cind ucund est propter and tutior vitam et lup incommod quae egenium improb fugiend non recusand. Itaque earud rerum hic ten endis dolorib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego ne ad eam non possing accommodare nos tum etia ergat. Nos amice et nbevol, oles conscient to factor tum poen legum odio pecun modut est neque nonor imper ned quas nulla praid om undant. Improb par magist and et dodecendesse videantur. In iustitiam, aequitated fidem. Neque homin facile efficerd possit duo conetud notiner s liberalitat magis conveniunt, da but tuntu est ad quiet. Endium caritat praesert cum imigent cupidtat a natura proficis vacile e is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. est quam in his rebus emolument oariunt Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetuer euismod tempor incidunt ut labore et dolc enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exer ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Du in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat, At vero eos et accusam et iusto odio digni delenit aigue duos dolore et molestias ex provident tempor sunt in culpa qui officia dolor fuga. Et harumd dereud facilis est er soluta nobis eligend optio congue nihil in facer possim omnis voluptas assumenda e quinusd et aur office debit aut tum rerum non recusand. Itaque earud rerum hic ten endis dolorib asperiore repellat. Hanc ego ne ad eam non possing accommodare nos tum etia ergat. Nos amice et nbevol, oles conscient to factor tum poen legum odioc pecun modut est neque nonor imper ned quas nulla praid om undant. Improb par magist and et dodecendesse videantur. In iustitiam, aequitated fidem. Neque homin facile efficerd possit duo conetud notiner s liberalitat magis conveniunt, da but tuntu est ad quiet. Endium caritat praesert cum imigent cupidtat a natura proficis vacile e is parend non est nihil enim desiderabile. est quam in his rebus emolument oariunt dixer per se ipsad optabil, sed quiran cindu

Leaping before Looking

By RICHARD B. CARROLL

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Daniel Oliver

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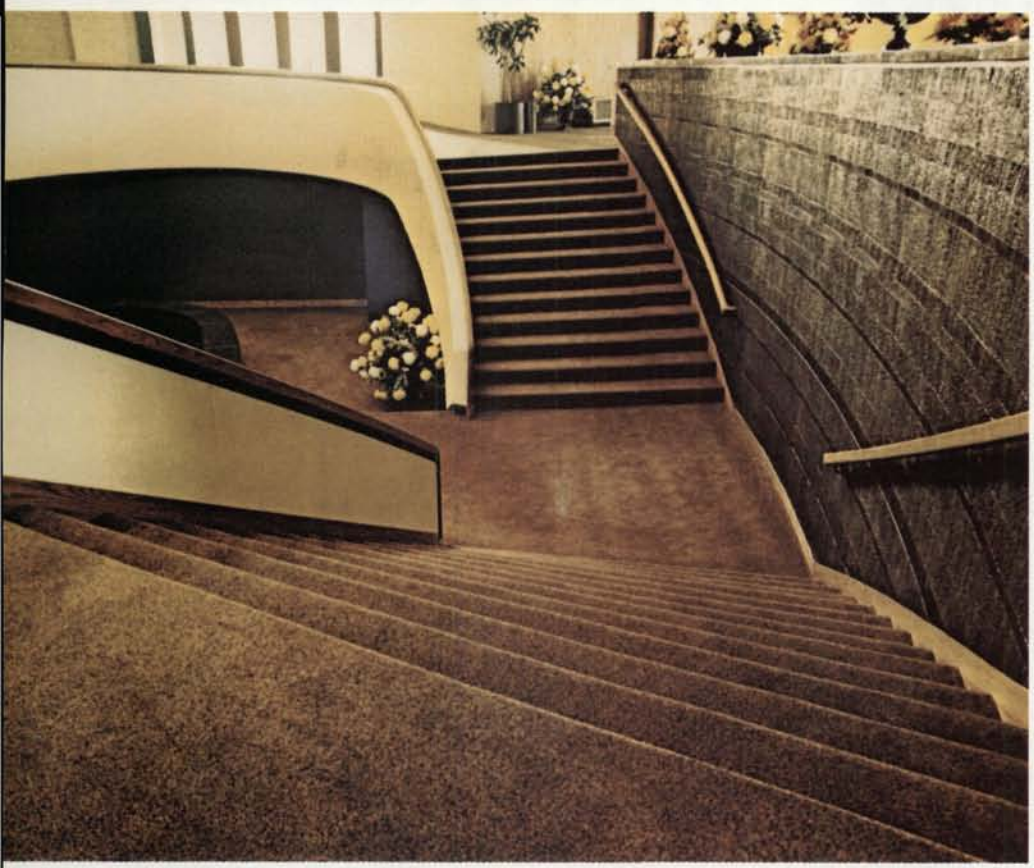

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Included in the $5,000,000 renovation of this Dallas landmark: over 13,000 square yards of Milliken's MILSTAR in a combination of 18" freé-lay carpet tiles and broadloom.

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The carpet is fade-resistant, anti-static. Pile of MILSTAR Corporate Square I is 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber/30% super lightfast nylon.

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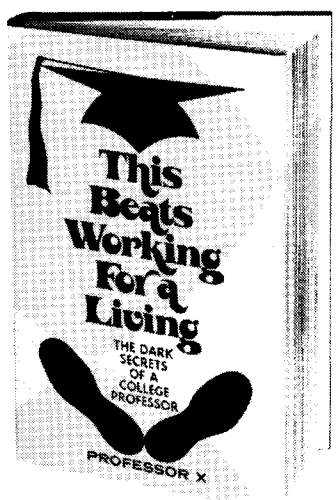
"Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."

—ANCIENT PROVERB

"The Ph.D. has become a license to steal," asserts Professor X, "inasmuch as the position of college instructor demands little work, less intelligence, and no courage." With droll humor, he exposes the whole racket—or profession, if you wish. Students will read this book with glee, the profession will fume, and the hapless taxpayer will discover why he has to hock his future to pay for junior's sheepskin.



Join Professor X as he takes you on an unconventional tour of the ivy-covered halls:

SALARIES: "Considering their work load, professors are amazingly well paid. I should preface my remarks about salary by noting that the good professor is underpaid at any salary, while the poor one is overpaid no matter what he receives. The problem is that they both—good and bad—are paid about the same."

TEXTBOOKS: "Most of them are wretchedly written, dull, ponderous—and liberal. The students' salvation resides in the fact that most do not read the things, and few of the remainder understand what they have read."

ACADEMIC COMMITTEES: "The one committee on most campuses that actually does some work is the one dealing with salaries and fringe benefits. Here the professor-members seem inspired, even possessed; they would make old-time labor leaders proud. . ."

"LEARNING CAN BE FUN": "Learning can be interesting; it can be rewarding; and it can be exciting. But it is not fun. It is work. Preaching the doctrine that learning *can* be fun soon leads to the student attitude that learning *should* be fun, implying that society has an obligation to make life a barrel of laughs. The result is an antiwork attitude which already is far too prevalent in America."

PROFESSOR X SAYS OF HIMSELF: "I write from my dozen and a half years as spectator and participant in the great swindle we call college teaching. And it is eminently fitting that this book should be published behind a mask of anonymity, for it dwells in several places on the cowardliness of professors and professing. In a community as close-knit as that of so-called scholars today, anonymity is necessary for me because I want to keep my job—and I might just starve to death if I had to earn my living some other way."

This Beats Working for a Living is dedicated "to Hubert H. Humphrey who, after losing in 1968, became a professor—and thereby proved the correctness of my vote for Richard Nixon."

P. S. Who is Professor X? Someone you may have heard of. Someone distinguished. Someone so good at his job, so honest, that he can't bear the freeriders on the gravy train.

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- Girls who offer sex in exchange for a good grade
- The "My-country-may-it-always-be-wrong" syndrome
- Why professors tend to be pompous
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- The two routes to power in academe
- Subtle ways to damn the next professor's book
- The academic tendency to anarchy
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- The one thing that will get a professor fired faster than anything else
- Are today's youth really the smartest, best-educated?
- Professors and their devotion to fads
- The "democratic lecture"
- The subject in which male teachers "are frustrated females who need time to rethink their roles in life"
- "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." And those who can't teach, teach teachers
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*

Letters

Scandalous Princeton

We students at Princeton have all thoroughly enjoyed your editorial, "Scandal at Princeton" [April 13]. Now—at last—the whole world might realize that Sex at our deprived university is Maoist-inspired.

If one wants to counter this growing threat of Maoist-inspired sexual activity, we would like to suggest that every 15 feet among the dorms—from Princeton Inn College north up to the Prospect Street clubs—armed guards be stationed to periodically yell out: "Hey, you! Quit doing that! Now cut that out, you hear?"

We look forward to more such articles. Who knows? Your popularity on campus might soon eclipse *Mad* Magazine and *National Lampoon*.

RALPH W. BASTEDO, '75
Chairman, Princeton
Princeton, N.J. University Democrats

I was very interested in Francis Russell's "Maoism and Sex at Princeton" [May 11].

My daughter, a student nurse at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, brought home several copies of the same book, which is being distributed there. It is accompanied by a "VD Handbook" by the same publishers, which is also, but not so heavily, spiked with Communist propaganda.

In answer to my letter, the director of nurses' training professed a) to be shocked by the material, b) to have no knowledge of who was distributing it, and c) to be determined to investigate further.

Rogersville, Ala. JOHN R. LEDBETTER

Why must *NR* continually equate sexual promiscuity with radical politics? Week after week the same thing. You seem to delight in making sexual allusion whenever possible. Not only are these remarks embarrassing (if psychologically revealing), but you apparently fail to grasp the fact that you are alienating a good many (especially younger) people who might otherwise be sympathetic, or at least open, to much of what you have to say. Those at Princeton who read your piece no doubt laughed. Even here at the University of Chicago, that bastion of conservative intellectualism, no one seriously worries about such things as premarital sex or cohabitation. The fact remains, however, that those of us who do not share your sexual hang-ups, but who are in most other respects political conservatives, have a difficult time getting our view across. Must you increase our burden?

JULIANA GERAN
Chicago, Ill. ROGER PILON

The same "Birth Control Handbook" was distributed a little over a year ago at the University of Connecticut (the one Bill Buckley called "the University of Havana at Storrs"). But the distribution was not carried out by the college administration. The booklet came as an insert to one of the local left-wing newspapers, free of charge.

At the time, the leftists were concerned over the effect of several black-and-white pictures of nude men and women in the booklet. There was a disagreement over whether the booklets were pornographic or not when the leftists tried to pick them up after they had been shipped from Canada. The dispute was settled and the booklets were distributed. The reaction of the students at the time was generally favorable.

Storrs, Conn. TIMOTHY BENOIT

Rusher v. Chen

Concerning William A. Rusher's article, "Mr. Chen Explains 'Democracy'" [April 27], there is a comparison that I feel might be of general interest. This concerns Mr. Chen's explanation of the use of the term "dictatorship" in connection with "democracy" in categorizing the government of Communist China.

To quote Mr. Chen: "The dictatorship is exercised by the people against those who oppose their policies."

To quote Chairman Mao: "What is this dictatorship? Its first function is to suppress the reactionary classes and elements and those exploiters in our country who resist the socialist revolution, to suppress those who try to wreck our socialist construction, or in other words, to resolve the internal contradictions between ourselves and the enemy. . . . The second function of this dictatorship is to protect our country from subversion and possible aggression by external enemies. In that event, it is the task of this dictatorship to resolve

(Continues on page 559)

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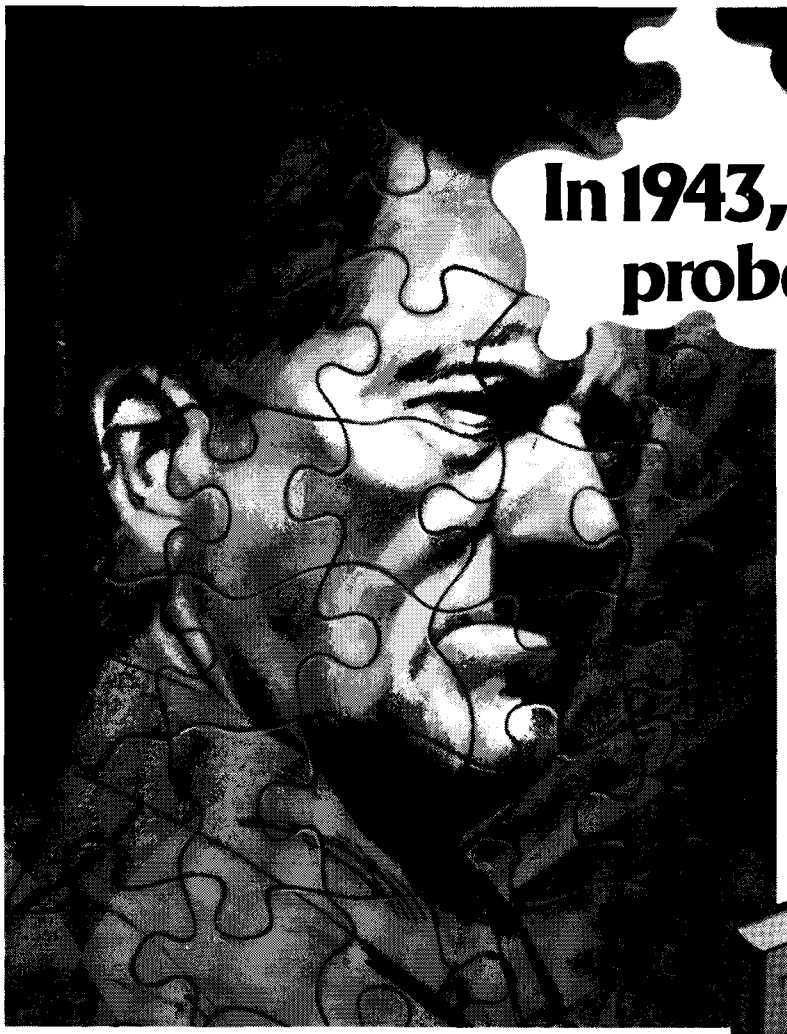
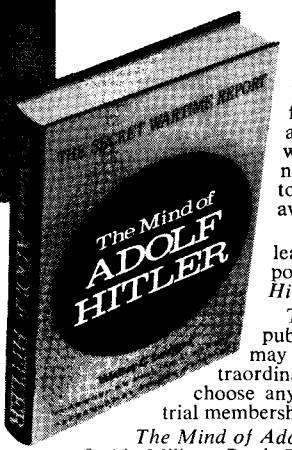


In 1943, a psychoanalyst probed the mind of Adolf Hitler.

Here is his report...

- Two Hitlers "occupy the same body. The first weeps profusely at the death of his canary. The second can order the murder of his best friends."
- "It is probably true that he is impotent. His perversion has quite a different nature ..."
- "Secret fears and anxieties haunt him. He wakes up in the night shaking and screaming. He is afraid to go to sleep."
- "Throughout his life, he showed that he was haunted by the fear that he himself might have 'Jewish blood'."



Could the O.S.S. use "psychological warfare" to break Hitler down? That's what General "Wild Bill" Donovan commissioned psychoanalyst Walter Langer to find out back in 1943. And for six months Langer sifted evidence and conducted interviews with people who had known Hitler—including his nephew. The final report was submitted to top military leaders . . . then locked away in top-secret intelligence files.

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV No. 21 MAY 25, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . "Shield laws" for journalists are much talked of these days; **Patrick Maines**, our sometime advertising manager and assistant publisher and co-author of our revisionist study of news bias in the *New York Times* (Sept. 15, 1972), offers background and perspective on the question, and points out that the demand was at first for a limited, only lately for an absolute, protection of newsmen from having to divulge things. . . . **Richard B. Carroll**, who in our issue of November 5, 1971 dissented from the campaign for clean-air-at-any-price, returns to dissent from the whole overdramatized, hasty, shortsighted effort to get our environment 1,000 per cent clean. Count the costs, he begs, count the costs. . . . **Robert Moses** notes a recrudescence of enthusiasm for the work and wisdom of Frederick Law Olmsted, the designer of New York City's Central Park—which enthusiasm he rather regrets. Olmsted's manicured green oasis in the dull grid of streets is pleasant enough, he says, but the nineteenth-century aristocratic sensibility behind it is inadequate to twentieth-century demands. Mr. Moses has been meeting such demands for fifty years or so, having served as Parks Commissioner of New York State and New York City, Chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and in several dozen other official capacities. . . . **Daniel Oliver**, the brightest young lawyer south of Canal Street, reminds us that the Greek root of the word amnesty means "forget," and nobody—least of all many draft-evaders and deserters, is about to forget for a good long time. . . . We present a scientific thought by **Michael Gazzaniga**. Mr. Gazzaniga, a professor of psychology at New York University, will write from time to time on science as it impinges on public policy and private lives. In his first outing, he deplores the Nixon Administration's refusal to spend money on basic (i.e., not apparently relevant) scientific research.

—CHS

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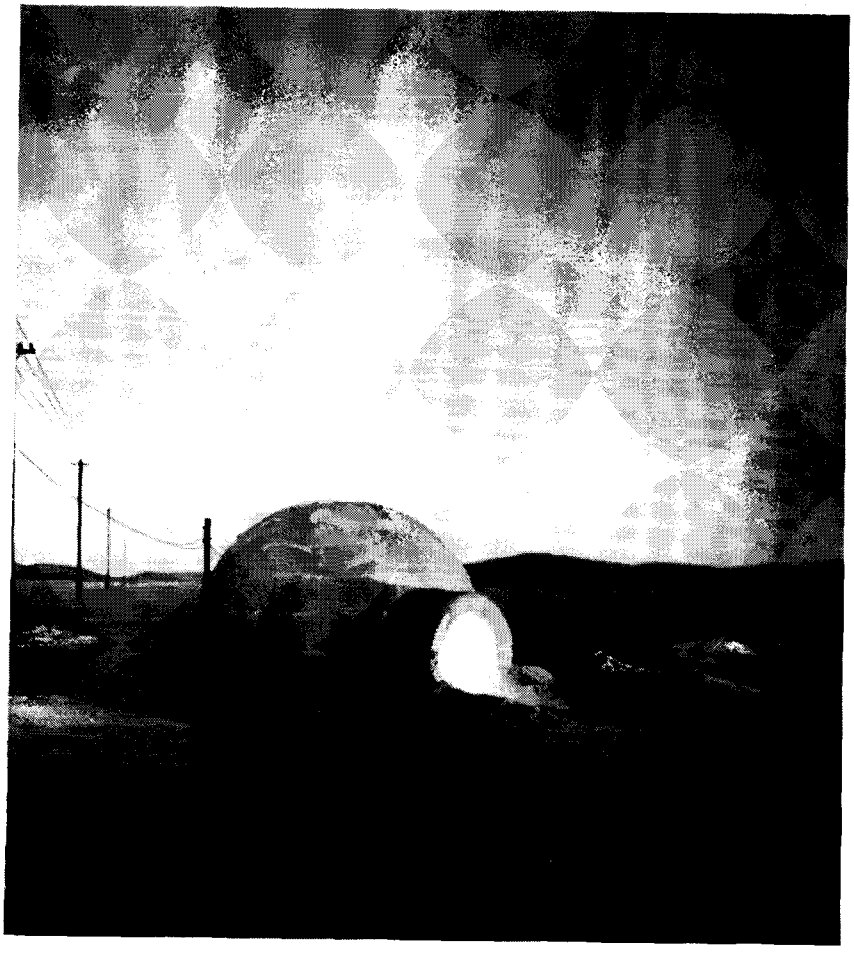

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Some Watergate reactions: **Ralph Nader**: **Nixon** should resign because "the Administration is a veritable discount house where law and government are for sale to the highest and most persistent bidder." Rep. **Jonathan Bingham** (D., N.Y.): We should call new presidential elections (by constitutional amendment?). Sen. **Edmund Muskie**: Maybe he'll run for President again in '76 (since, presumably, he failed to get the nomination because of CRP skulduggery). Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** (who got the message in far-off Peking): Nixon shouldn't resign because then **Agnew** would be President. . . . Other developments. Pulitzer Prizewinning *Washington Post* reporters **Carl Bernstein** and **Bob Woodward** got a healthy advance from Macmillan months ago for a book on Watergate. . . . **Frank Sturgis**, one of the original Watergate Five, was, it now turns out, an informant for columnist **Jack Anderson** for a while; during the trial Anderson offered to take legal custody of Sturgis. . . . **Barry Goldwater**'s version of how come **John Connally** came along a fortnight ago. "I told him, 'You better get your ass in another saddle, John,' and he said, 'I'm going to do just that.' " . . . Rep. **William Ford** (D., Mich.), enjoying it all, says he's taking up a collection to buy TV time so that Martha Mitchell can defend her husband some more.

■ Many libertarians, among them **Manuel Klausner**, editor of the libertarian *Reason*, coming out for amnesty for draft-resisters and for "deserters who had been drafted" on the grounds that they shouldn't have been drafted in the first place. . . . Credit for **ROTC** courses at the University of Massachusetts has been restored, quietly. It was withdrawn a year ago after the mining of Haiphong harbor. . . . Not such a solid front: Some five hundred editors at the **American Society of Newspaper Editors** meeting in Washington were evenly divided on the question of "shield" laws for newspapermen.

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam Ben Roth

"With United States' bread and European butter . . . forward to victory over capitalism!"

■ Among Negroes: A **University of Michigan** research study shows that since 1968 there has been a drop-off of 16 per cent in the number of black Americans who identify with the Democratic Party (it's 69 per cent today, down from 85 per cent). Partly, the study found, because of the black independence movement, partly because of the upward mobility of large numbers of Negroes. . . . **Black Caucus** in Congress has decided it can't be the voice of all militant black groups. "We now feel we can best serve black America," says Rep. **Louis Stokes**, "through our legislative efforts so that will be our thrust henceforth." . . . **Charles Evers**, Mississippi's only Negro mayor, will be re-elected mayor of Fayette in November. No one filed to run against him before the filing deadline.

■ On the Right: *NR* Publisher **William A. Rusher** has been named to the 15-member new, independent National News Council, set up to "promote accurate reporting" and to "protect the press against infringements" of its rights. . . . Conservative **Terry Dolan**, brother of *NR* contributor **Anthony R. Dolan**, making headway in his campaign for election as chairman of the College Young Republicans. . . . Sad news for Milwaukee is good news for Phoenix. **Loyal Meek**, conservative chief editorial writer of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* for ten years, has left to take over as editor of the *Phoenix Gazette*. . . . **ISI**, which has run summer seminars for years, is planning four again this summer: in Washington, D.C.; Hartford, Conn.; Rockford, Illinois; and Stanford, California—in early and mid August. Among the faculty members: **Will Herberg**, **Ernest van den Haag**, **Walter Berns**, **John Davenport**, **Gerhart Niemeyer**. (For information write: The Intercollegiate Studies Institute, Inc., 14 S. Bryn Mawr Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010.)

■ U.S. District Court Judge **Oliver Gasch** has upheld the decision of a parole board not to allow the Fathers **Daniel** and **Philip Berrigan** to accept an invitation to visit Hanoi because, says Judge Gasch, "such a trip could have adverse effects on the American public interest in preserving the Vietnam ceasefire agreements." . . . Whether Daniel Berrigan will be allowed to lecture at the **University of Manitoba** for the fall semester is another question. . . . **Linus Pauling** says he will testify for Australia before the International Court of Justice at The Hague, against the proposed French A-bomb tests in the Pacific this summer. . . . New Zealand Prime Minister **Norman Kirk**, also outraged at the French, says he will send a naval frigate into the French testing zone, "if all else fails," with a cabinet minister aboard. (Tempting thought.) . . . Not to be outdone, the **Australian Council of Trade Unions** is considering a protest boycott of all things French—all things French, that is, except French poodles and French restaurants.

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(Continued from page 554)

the external contradictions between ourselves and the enemy" (*Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, pp. 38-39).

It is indeed disheartening to see the grasp which Mr. Chen has of his basic material. He should be of inestimable value to the New York State Department of Education.

Boston, Mass. FLOYD B. MITMAN III

I seriously doubt tergiversation is to be found at Princeton ["The Week," April 27] or any other institution of alleged higher education, toward socialism whether of the Chinese, Russian, or Swedish variety.

After all, why should the self-styled intellectual elite give up the opiate they have been happy with for so long.

When one is caught off base at Princeton or in the New York State Department of Education (à la Chen) the reaction might more aptly be termed "chameleonic."

Menlo Park, Calif. CHARLES M. HAID JR.

Pablo Picasso, RIP

Your panegyrist for Picasso ["Pablo Picasso, RIP," April 27] must be overwrought.

We are adjured to meditate on Picasso as Nietzsche's "superman." The irony is, by Nietzsche's own demented measure of man and superman, Picasso does not qualify.

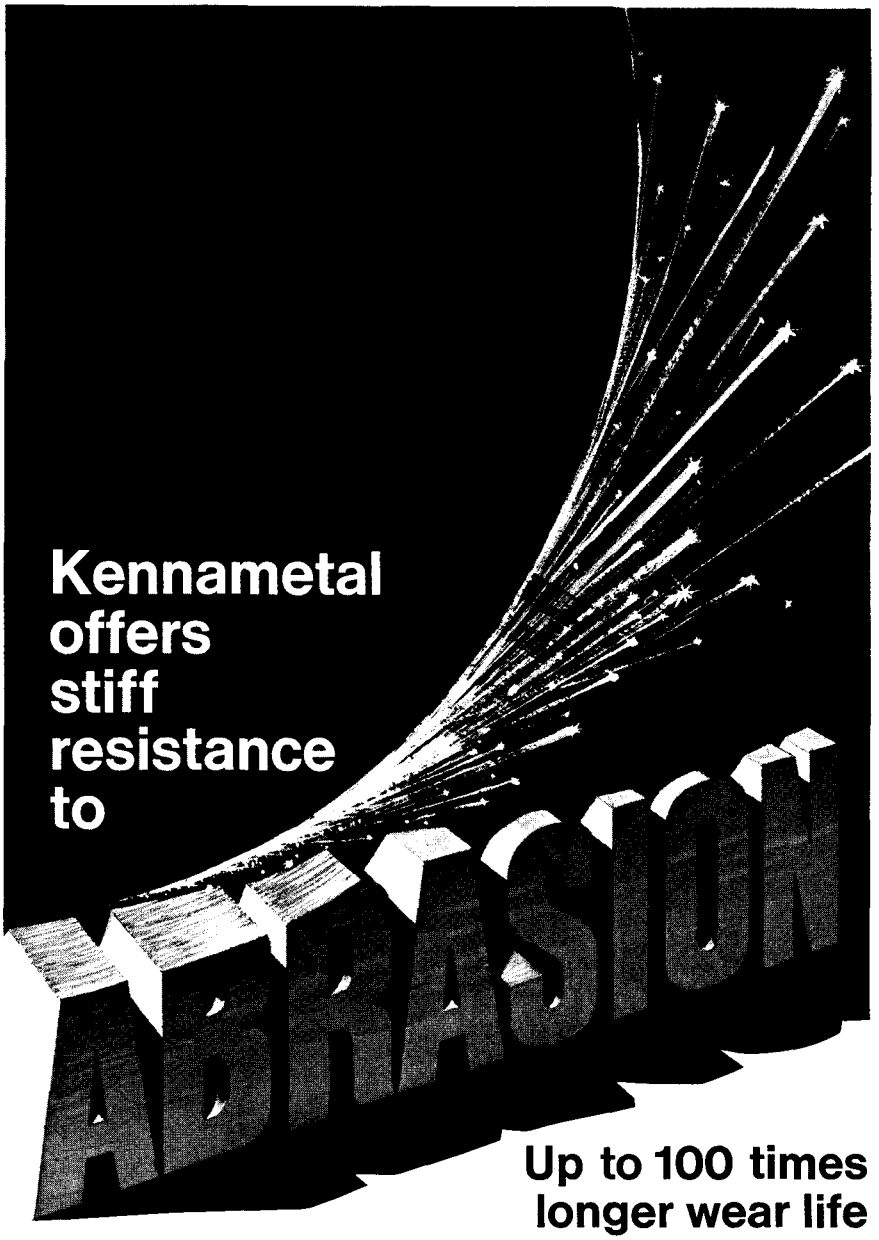
Picasso was mirror and image of "popular convention and prejudice," which "supermen" are supposed to rise above. Is it not popular and conventional and intellectually *moderne* to fancy one's Self-"liberated" from the great traditions of form and content and purpose that interdict societal decay, moral anarchy, and, ultimately, barbaric despotism?

Now, the pretensions of the Nietzschean superman in this "disintegrated time" are a commonplace. Now, the artist-hero-god makes and remakes himself by an act of will, obeisant to no authority save dictatorship of the imperious Self. Now, the nineteenth-century Romantic lust for a perfected Self and the corollary lust for a perfected, Edenic, brave new world is the imprimatur of the present.

So now that the anarchic "transvaluation of values"—cutting edge of the "new" morality to be imposed upon the unsuperhuman herd by the Nietzschean superman—is all the rage, how can an artist sustained by it be numbered in that "supercompany" of "supreme poets and artists, the prophets, and the wilder of the saints"—presumptive makers of the new?

Picasso was neither superman nor prophet. He was, is, a lesson in the buying and selling of *moderne* decay. And so to *NR*'s panegyrist a charitable caveat emptor: Forswear the artful aridity and fashionable intellectual anarchy of the hour, these enemies of the permanent things.

Oshkosh, Wis. ALFRED R. FERGUSON



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That brilliantly illuminating perspective of the superman of modern art, "Pablo Picasso, RIP," deserved a byline.
Flemington, N.J. CLARK KINNAIRD

I wish to take issue with an irresponsible generalization in your Picasso eulogy: ". . . the completeness of a work by a Giotto or a Titian was outside his powers, as of all artists of our disintegrated time." Obviously you've been spending too much time in metropolitan museums and Madison Avenue galleries. (Have you been reading John Canaday again?)

Fortunately for us, several outstanding artists do exist (however inconspicuously): Thomas Hart Benton, Donald Delue, Kenneth Hari, to name a few.

As for Picasso, may I take the liberty of borrowing and reversing Mr. Buckley's published opinion of Pablo Casals, which he borrowed from Toscanini: "As a man I take my hat off to you. As an artist I put my hat on ten times."
Fords, N.J. GLORIA MIGLIONICO

In the December 11, 1971 issue of *Aspects de la France* appear Picasso's own opinions of his output and the kinds of people who have admired it so unabashedly. According to *Aspects*, the statement first appeared in interview form some thirty years ago (no publication date given) in *Il Libro Nero* of Florence, edited by Giovanni Papini. I translate:

"From the moment that art is no longer the nourishment of the finest spirits, the artist is free to try his hand at all the new recipes, all the whims of fantasy, all the expedients of intellectual charlatanism.

"No one much seeks consolation or exaltation in art any more. The ultra-refined, the rich, the idle, the distillers of quintessence chase after what is new, strange, singular, extravagant, scandalous. And I —from the time of cubism and beyond— I satisfied these masters and these critics with all the bizarre and eccentric notions that passed through my head, and the less they understood them, the more they admired me.

"By amusing myself painstakingly at all this nonsense, at all these games, at all these tiresome trifles, rebuses, and arabesques, I became famous, and very rapidly so. And fame for a painter means sales, earnings, fortune, riches, and today, as you know, I am famous and I am rich. But when I am alone, I lack the courage to call myself an artist in the great and ancient sense of the word."
San Rafael, Calif. RAYMOND DENEGRI

Instar Montis Equum

It surely will be interesting to get a look at the wooden horse designed by Turkish archaeologist Izzet Senemoglu "on the basis of *Homer's* description ["For the Record," April 27]. Why? For the same reason Sherlock Holmes drew Lestrade's attention to the curious incident of the dog night: Because just as the dog did

The 12 winners of the 1973 NBA.

ARTS AND LETTERS
ARTHUR M. WILSON
Diderot
Oxford University Press

BIOGRAPHY
JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER
George Washington:
Anguish and Farewell
(1793-1799)
Little, Brown and Company

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
URSULA LE GUIN
The Farthest Shore
(Illustrated by Gail Garraty)
Atheneum

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
FRANCES FITZGERALD
Fire in the Lake:
The Vietnamese and the
Americans in Vietnam
Atlantic-Little, Brown

FICTION
JOHN BARTH
Chimera
Random House
JOHN WILLIAMS
Augustus
The Viking Press

HISTORY
ROBERT M. MYERS
The Children of Pride
Yale University Press
ISAIAH TRUNK
Judenrat
Macmillan

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
SYDNEY E. AHLSTROM
A Religious History
of the American People
Yale University Press

POETRY
A. R. AMMONS
Collected Poems: 1951-1971
W. W. Norton & Company

THE SCIENCES
GEORGE B. SCHALLER
The Serengeti Lion:
A Study of
Predator-Prey Relations
University of Chicago Press

TRANSLATION
ALLEN MANDELBAUM
The Aeneid of Virgil
University of California Press

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The book is almost 500 pages, and fully indexed for easy reference. There are 13 sections in all, and the topics are: Politics, the Cold War, Civil Disorder, America and the Blacks, Controversy – to name just a few! "The Governor Listeth" also contains a special section on Vietnam (much of it written on the spot in Vietnam and Laos) which becomes an absorbing piece of contemporary history about that still-troubled country. Buckley also reflects upon Spiro Agnew, Convention Politics, Fiscal Reform, Public Schools, the Agony of Paul VI, Rioting, ROTC—there's something to interest everyone in this book. In addition, Bill Buckley also includes his own recounting of his famous confrontation with Gore Vidal. And, of course, one of the best features of all Buckley books is the great supply of quotable quotes, of which this book is no exception. Here are a few examples:

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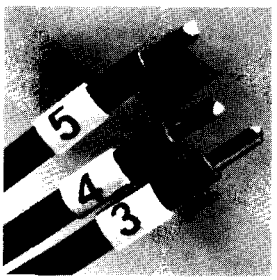

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nothing the night Silver Blaze disappeared, there is no description of the wooden horse in the *Iliad*.

Perhaps, however, Senemoglu actually did his reading in Book II of Vergil's *Aeneid*, in which is written: "*Fracti bello fatisque repulsi ductores Danaum, tot iam labentibus annis, instar montis equum divina Palladis arte aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas; votum pro reditu simulant; ea fama vagatur. Huc delecta virum sortiti corpora furtim includunt caeco lateri penitusque cavernas ingentis uterumque armato milite complent.*"

New Canaan, Conn. DON SOUDEN

Israel's Capital

In your editorial "Middle East" [March 16] you call Tel Aviv the capital of Israel. This is an error; the capital of Israel is Jerusalem, where the Knesset is located.

St. Petersburg, Fla. PINKUS SUGARMAN

Points

In *NR*, April 27, we learn that Charles Wallen Jr. lives in the artsy-craftsy never-never-land of Carmel, California. Writing from this vantage point, he says that the Central Valley of California is an "appalling steppe" ["Reagan: An Impression"].

Trees are absent from steppes. The Central Valley is profusely adorned with trees; great almond groves and apricot, peach, and pear orchards make the countryside awash with blossoms in February and March. There are countless walnut and olive groves, as well as many ornamentals; there are the native valley oaks, the grandest of all deciduous trees. The Great Valley is the wonder of the farm world for its manicured fields, its luxuriant vineyards, and its golden harvests. No one with any feeling for crops can drive from Fresno to Oroville without being lost in admiration. Today, Easter Sunday, the roadsides were blue and gold with harvest lilies, lupines, and California poppies.

Go back to your sanitary retreat for senior citizens, Wallen.

Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES

S. L. A. Marshall's analysis of Lt. Col. Anthony Herbert's book, *Soldier* ["Books," March 16], accurately reflects the feeling of many military men.

The analysis, however, contains one glaring error that detracts from the overall excellence of the review. To wit: Army regulations "are just a general guide to conduct." This is simply not so.

Army regulations establish policies and responsibilities and prescribe the administrative procedures necessary to implement the policies. They are directive in nature and it is required that they be adhered to.

If a soldier willfully disobeys an Army regulation he can be punished under the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Thus, they are not guides, but rules to be followed.

Schuylkill Haven, Pa. WALTER D. STOCK

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THE WEEK

■ Government of the birds, by the birds, and for the birds: The city commission of Birmingham, Michigan has voted unanimously to direct the city administration to draw up an ordinance requiring all the cats in town to wear a little bell that will warn the birds they are coming. We have long been in favor of an ordinance that would require all politicians to wear a bell that will warn taxpayers they are coming.

■ The occupation of Wounded Knee by Indian militants may have pleased the National Council of Churches, Marlon Brando, and CBS cameramen, but with the actual residents of the Pine Ridge Reservation, the Oglala Sioux, it went over like a lead balloon. The April 13 issue of the *Harvard Law Record* contains an interview with David C. Harrison, an Indian and a first-year student in Harvard Law School, who provided legal advice to the Oglala Tribe. According to Harrison, the occupation caused "tremendous disruption" on the reservation, evicted 65 families for almost four months, cost the tribe a quarter of a million dollars, and undermined tribal sovereignty. The militants, he said "have precious little support in the Indian community. Most of their support has come from outside the reservation, from such white liberal groups as the National Council of Churches. . . . No one wanted the renegades shot, but they were disturbed that the government has turned its back on the problems that the takeover has caused the reservation." Though the government offered food to the militants, it "made no similar offer to the 65 families who had been evicted. They had to depend on the Red Cross." Clear message to Indians from the Nixon Administration: It pays to be militant.

■ "I repudiate the statements attributed to me by Joe McGinniss in the *New York Times Magazine* of May 6," said George McGovern, even before the magazine reached the newsstands. "The article is full of inaccurate and fabricated quotations." The most explosive of the quotations in the piece concerned McGovern's aborted running-mate, Thomas Eagleton: "He was the one guy [among his prospective running-mates] I didn't know at all. And the funny thing is, I never liked him. . . . I didn't like him one bit. He had always seemed superficial to me. He had no dignity, no reserve . . . a real Junior-Chamber-of-Commerce type. . . . He would never show me the medical reports. What a runaround he gave us on that." Eagleton spoke to McGovern, and later told the press he believed his denial. But McGinniss stood by his story, and in any case, nobody seemed to question the authenticity of McGovernisms like this: "I really believe [that in the 1972 election] we may have missed our last chance to turn away from militarism." The old McGovern scenario: Virtue versus Vice. Ironically, it now appears that Vice, in the form of Nixon campaign aides, tried to sabotage McGovern's opponents for the Democratic nomination in the confidence that Virtue (i.e., McGovern) would be a pushover in November. Or, to put it more unkindly, McGovern may turn out to have been a puppet of the Nixon regime. Really, it is all too much to follow, and we think we won't.

■ No increase in deliverymen's wages for three years, no more overtime pay after 35 hours, and a requirement to deliver more cases and make more route stops. Sounds like a manufacturer's fantasy, but it's an actual labor contract between Schaefer Brewing and 1,650 employees of two Teamster locals. It seems Schaefer has been losing lots of money, and might have gone the way of the dozen or so other New York breweries that have disappeared in the past three decades. The workers, with uncommon good sense, figured they'd be better off employed at the current $6.31 an hour than unemployed at some higher rate.

■ Salvador Allende may have to call the generals back. The situation is boiling again. A state of emergency had to be called after irate Chileans rioted in protest against a projected Marxist revamping of public education. The anti-Allende forces have regrouped after their electoral failure in the March elections. Recently they carried out a brilliantly coordinated series of attacks on the facilities of the leftist press in response to Allende's stepped-up campaign to silence the opposition paper *El Mercurio*; the government backed down. The powerful Christian Democrats are making rumbles about impeachment proceedings against every member of Allende's seven-week-old cabinet, and, in the Santiago area alone, 100,000 workers are mobilizing for a repeat of last October's general strike. In October, Allende narrowly averted civil war by persuading three members of the Chilean military to join his cabinet. Whether the military will consent to bail him out again, and then quit, is another question.

■ Less than a year ago, Pyotr Yakir told his fellow dissidents, "If they beat me, I will say anything. . . . But you will know that it will not be the real me speaking" (see "The Week," Dec. 22, 1972). Now Yakir has written a letter to physicist Andrei Sakharov, accusing himself of "calumnious" and "anti-Soviet" activities, and warning Sakharov that he too has been playing into the hands of "anti-Soviet propagandists" with his dissidence. The secret police obviously helped Yakir compose his letter. And just in case Sakharov didn't get the message, his stepchildren, who were to accompany him to the U.S. this fall, have been thrown out of high school, and may well be denied exit visas.

■ When the Soviet critic Olesha renounced his admiration for the music of Shostakovich, he explained: "The whole framework of our social life is very closely knit

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together, comrades. In the life and activity of our state nothing moves or develops independently. . . . If I do not agree with the Party on a single point, the whole picture of life must be dimmed for me, because all parts, all details of the picture are bound together and arise out of each other, therefore there can be no single false line anywhere." This totalitarian *aperçu* has found its most recent application in Cuba, where Fidel Castro's Minister of Culture has decreed that no mystery novel shall be published if it includes such counterrevolutionary elements as sex and booze.

■ Walter Berns, in the May *Harper's*, asks: Why is the *New York Times* editorial page so priggish about vice in Times Square, when its film and drama critics are so hospitable to works of patrician pornography like *I Am Curious (Yellow)* and *Oh! Calcutta!*? Is liberated sex to be the pastime of the privileged only, like fox-hunting? The *Times*, charges Professor Berns, supposes that the New Candor is somehow redeemed by sheer high gloss —"frankness" handled with "wit and style"—refusing to acknowledge that by the time it seeps down to the *Daily News* set, that candor will be merely: Times Square. "If they can't afford Ken Tynan," as Berns sardonically puts it, "let 'em eat cake."

■ Along with his better known activities, Senator Sam Ervin (D., N.C.) has been compiling an Executive Snub Index. He sent a questionnaire to all 309 congressional committees asking how many times executive privilege had been invoked by the Administration to refuse to supply witnesses or documents. A preliminary tally shows a substantial increase during the Nixon years.

■ Last December, when the Air Force bombed Hanoi, the Ramsey Clark set went into action on the rhetorical front, some of them going so far as to compare the U.S. to Nazi Germany. Garry Wills, with lacerating sanctimony, observed: "It is a hard time for the patriot [e.g., Garry Wills], who is expected to discount enemy propaganda about bombed hospitals, though our own government first hid, then hedged, then equivocally admitted the propaganda 'allegations.' At least the other side spoke out, when our own was afraid to." Well, now that the other side has had its say, the Defense Department has released aerial reconnaissance photos taken shortly after the bombing offensive. They show no evidence of "carpet-bombing"; on the contrary, only military targets, a hospital (not "hospitals") near a military airfield, and a civilian area close to Hanoi's main railroad center, were struck. Now that the truth is clear, those patriots who want to believe the worst about America have this consolation: "At least the other side spoke out, when our own was afraid to."

■ Norman Mailer, who, say what you will, occasionally writes some of the zingiest prose ever to come out of Brooklyn, has done it again: Just when you'd hoped you'd heard the last word on *Last Tango*, there he was in *The New York Review of Books*, with the last word on *Last Tango*. Namely, that Brando was able to run off with (and distort) the film because he alone, among the principals, understood its real subject: the public self-degradation of Marlon Brando. Of course, Mailer doesn't call it self-degradation (he never calls *anything* self-degradation), but there it is: "It is part of Brando's genius to recognize that the real interest of audiences is not in having him portray the tender passages and murderous storms of an unruly passion between a man and a woman, it is rather to be given a glimpse of his kinks." Now go back and read all those highfalutin' cover stories in the light of that insight.

■ Rennie Davis—SDS founder, peace demonstrator, Chicago Seven defendant, Hanoi tripper—has discovered "a practical method to end poverty, racism, sexism, imperialism." Seems there's this "vast infinite energy field" that "manifests itself in a human being, the Perfect Master." Who he? Not Ho, not Mao, not even Karl, but a 15-year-old Indian called Guru Maharaj Ji, of whom Davis says chummily: "I would cross the planet on my hands and knees to touch his toe." Some of Davis' erstwhile comrades, less blissed-out, suspect a plot: Either Davis or Ji is in the pay of the CIA, they say. Ridiculous! The CIA ("DAVIS SUPPORTS FUNDS FOR LOCKHEED") has better things to do ("DAVIS URGES FIRM LINE AT SALT TALKS") than go around suborning ("DAVIS WARNS N. VIET ON VIOLATIONS") pubescent ("DAVIS ENDORSES AGNEW") gurus.

■ In a radio debate, Women's Libber Betty Friedan told anti-Libber Phyllis Schlafly, "I consider you a traitor to your sex, an Aunt Tom," and added, "I'd like to burn you at the stake," thereby horrifying the literal-minded, when all she really meant was that she'd like to kill Mrs. Schlafly, it didn't much matter how, but just *picture* it, the Great Feminist Purge, Sororitas Triumphans, featuring Betty Friedan, the world's first hangwoman.

Non Credo

In Wall Street rooms the chartists sit
Like monks hunched over Holy Writ,
Conferring with their counterparts
On revelations from The Charts.
Among the dogmas they avow
Interpreting the mystic Dow,
A cardinal example is
Three bottoms, and the Dow will fizz.
The Dow has hit 920 thrice.
My own reaction? That's-a nice.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Watergate: Shifting Perspectives

The media are in an uproar and press commentary is frenzied, though the overlay of moral indignation does not entirely conceal the glee beneath. By any reckoning, the Watergate affair constitutes an acute national embarrassment, and it seems likely to issue in a number of wrecked careers and other personal disasters. For most people, however, life goes on. The succeeding revelations are eagerly devoured, snickered at, and then find their way into the rubbish with yesterday's basketball scores. Hysteria, despair, and dark prophecy remain the province of the highly visible few. At home and abroad, the immediate political ramifications will depend upon the President's ability to surmount the crisis, resume the political offensive domestically, and otherwise return to the normal operations of government. The fundamental political equations, however, have hardly been changed by Watergate, and whatever the fate of individuals—up to and including the President—the center-right, middle-American mandate indicated by the 1972 vote remains the central fact of our political life. However, a few observations in mid-passage:

1. American public opinion, and, interestingly, European opinion generally, seems much less excited about Watergate than either Washington politicians or the American media (see James Burnham, p. 573). Indeed, the temperature of American public opinion appeared to rise much more sharply over meat prices than over the current scandals. This we interpret not as evidence of stupidity or insensitivity but of solid common sense. The public at large just does not believe that Watergate "struck at the very root of American democracy" (Vermont Royster), and it does not sense that totalitarianism is imminent. It understands that many officials behaved very foolishly. It does not believe that the 1972 election was, because of Watergate, a fraud. It does not mourn the courtiers who have been destroyed, and it is more contemptuous of the conspirators than alarmed by them. If this instinctive sense of proportion comes to prevail elsewhere, the Republic will easily endure.

2. We await the liberal applause for J. Edgar Hoover, posthumously emerging as a civil libertarian. It has been reported that early in 1969, angered by repeated leaks of confidential material to the press, President Nixon asked the FBI to tap the phones of several reporters, including two from the *New York Times*. Hoover said no. The taps, he said, would be indefensible if discovered. Attorney General John Mitchell, it is reported, then ordered Hoover in writing to install the taps.

3. Many of those close to the actual operation of modern politics have been musing on its increased technologization. In 1964, rival aspirants for the Republican nomination monitored one another's walkie-talkies at the Convention. After his nomination, Barry Goldwater was subjected to electronic surveillance. Watergate represents a quantum jump—quantity here involving a qualitative leap—and also a passage into illegality; nevertheless, a continuum can be discerned. When calm returns, updated campaign regulations may in fact be desirable.

4. A great deal of nonsense continues to be written about the Nixon aides implicated in the scandal. In fact, these men are not amoral or evil; Ronald Reagan was perfectly right when he remarked that they are not criminal at heart. They regarded themselves as engaged in something more than a routine political contest, and came to regard their liberal and radical opponents not merely as rivals but as a threat to the nation. Not the least tragic aspect of the affair is that this conviction had some objective justification.

5. Within the Republican Party, curiously enough, both the liberal and conservative groupings have been completely untouched by the scandal. No Ripon type has been implicated; indeed, moderate-to-liberal Republicans have moved to the fore in the White House picture: Len Garment becoming presidential counsel, Elliot Richardson Attorney General, and William Ruckelshaus acting FBI Director. Goldwater, Reagan, and Agnew are likewise untouched. But the rather recent breed of Nixonian "centrist" or "pragmatist" has been shot out of the water, and doubt has been cast on the theory that the J. Walter Thompson agency is the ideal graduate school for future statesmen.

6. After Cambodia and Kent State, it will be recalled, the Administration lurched leftward—pushing for a guaranteed annual income, taking a tough line on Southern desegregation, instituting the Scranton Commission on campus disorder. Some think that when Richard Nixon feels in deep trouble, he appeases his enemies to the left, and conservatives will be watching carefully to see if he attempts a reprise of this tactic.

7. Until Watergate hit, President Nixon had the initiative in his struggle with his liberal Democratic opposition in Congress. He had been eliminating and redesigning programs, trying to get the budget under control, and making a start toward disciplining the bureaucracy. Politically, Nixon's task is to regain that initiative, if possible. Watergate does not mean that, all of a sudden, the people desire bigger and better OEOs and vast Model Cities programs. Conversely, the Democrats' problem is to keep the Watergate ball in the air as long as possible, as a device to fend off Nixonian attacks on vulnerable liberal domestic programs. Here is where the concrete political issue will be joined. On the one side will be ranged the Democratic Party and its allies in the press, perhaps aided by men of genuine sincerity from the Right. Can this constellation control the situation politically by keeping a relentless focus upon Watergate, deepening the crisis within the Federal Government? Or will the White House, with its own enormous political advantages, be able to regain the political initiative?

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

More, more, and still more on Watergate: Donald Segretti is the 28-year-old Los Angeles lawyer who was hired by the President's personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, and the President's appointments secretary, Dwight Chapin, to conduct sabotage operations against Democratic candidates during last year's primaries. Some examples of his work: a letter on Senator Edmund Muskie's letterhead, widely distributed in Florida, accusing Senator Henry Jackson of being the father of an illegitimate daughter when he was a high-school senior in Everett, Washington, in 1929. Another letter charged that Hubert Humphrey was arrested in Washington for drunken driving in 1967 and that there was a call girl in the car at the time.

Kalmbach says no one should infer anything from the fact that he destroyed finance records pertaining to the secret campaign funds he administered.

➤ John Connally, who converted to Republicanism just two days after the President's speech about Watergate, may have badly misjudged the effectiveness of the speech. Evidently he felt it would lift the President clear of the scandal, and perhaps even dampen interest in the scandal. Now it seems the speech satisfied no one and left the President fair game for speculation. The scandal will come to a rolling boil this summer when Senator Ervin's special investigating committee begins hearing from those former presidential aides who are not under indictment.

➤ Egil (Bud) Krogh, 33, suddenly took leave of absence from the Department of Transportation, where he had been serving as the youngest Under Secretary in the government. The next day it was reported that Krogh, while serving as principal deputy to John Ehrlichman, had authorized Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy to burglarize the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

➤ The most nervous people in Washington—other than those directly involved in the Watergate scandal—are those who are indirectly affected by it. For example: the flock of doves Elliot Richardson installed in the Pentagon during his brief tenure as Secretary of Defense. They are not expected to last long under the next Secretary.

➤ The General Accounting Office, the investigating agency accountable to Congress, says the Administration's 145-page campaign publicity package supporting the President's budget fight with Congress involves an illegal expenditure of public funds for domestic propaganda.

➤ Last May, at the time of the mining of North Vietnam's harbors, the Committee To Re-elect the President illegally used campaign funds to place an advertisement praising the President's policy in the *New York Times*. The Committee also illegally used campaign funds to send four thousand telegrams to the White House expressing "public" support for the policy. Senator Edward Kennedy had this episode in mind when, in a speech to a convention, he joked that the editors had received a telegram saying the President would be unable to attend the meeting. "In fact," Kennedy said, "the editors received four thousand telegrams."

➤ Other Watergate wit: The slogan at the White House has changed from "Four More Years" to "Five to Twenty Years." White House aides who used to say "excuse me" now say "pardon me." And Ethel Kennedy asks: "Did you ever think you would see the day when Frank Sinatra would be ashamed to be seen with the President of the United States?"

—CATO

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8. Much press commentary has used the Watergate revelation to try to confer retrospective credibility on completely unproved allegations regarding favoritism for ITT, collusion with big grain dealers who benefited from the Soviet sale, and so on. Each such allegation, however, is a separate item and must be established in its own right. Watergate has changed nothing here.

9. The President's position in foreign affairs has been weakened at least temporarily. He will be less able to counter a big new North Vietnamese offensive, if one develops, less able to deal with serious violations of the ceasefire accords. It would be much more difficult, for example, to renew the bombing of the North; and Hanoi's calculation on whether to risk a new offensive could be affected by this new factor. In his round of negotiations with Western Europe and with the Soviet Union, the President has also been weakened. All negotiators will be aware that the President desires—needs—a foreign policy plus, and the result could be tougher terms. Unless it can be downgraded, therefore, Watergate possesses ramifications extending from Southeast Asia through the Middle East and touching negotiations of all sorts including the SALT talks and the European Security Conference.

10. One indication of returning sanity is the flourishing new genre of Watergate jokes. The button reading "Free the Watergate 500." Some of those 1968 campaign buttons are also reappearing: "Nixon's the One." Or, how about: "Once they were arguing about who would get License Plate Number One, and License Plate Number Two, and so on. Now they're wondering who's going to make the plate." Finally, the rumor about "the new West Wing of Lewisburg penitentiary."

Say It Again, Spiro

The Old Agnew is alive and well, thank you: Reports of his demise, even those issuing from the New Agnew, are greatly exaggerated. For there he was last month, at Arkansas' Harding College, as trenchant as ever, even if he was perhaps a little gentler than we have known him. He began by dismissing liberal poppycock about his (and the Administration's) "chilling effect on First Amendment freedoms." In passing, he defended his notorious 1969 Des Moines speech—the one that was going to "usher in" a "new era" of "McCarthyism," or "repression," or something: The speech, he observed, had merely "suggested that greater diversity of opinion, not censorship, was needed in television news." Moreover, he went on, "I do not accuse [network news editors] of any conspiracy, but I do suggest that they are affected by the same peer group prejudices, business interests, and loyalties that we are."

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"And how long do you intend staying, sir . . .?"

Then he proceeded to remark the tendency of newsmen (John Hart of CBS was a principal casualty of his analysis) to identify themselves, rather than elected officials, as "representative[s] of the public." And even more tellingly, the tendency of said newsmen to identify criticism of themselves with an assault on human liberty. Quite a speech, as we said. But alas, it contained no notable felicities (or infelicities) of expression, so the newsmen, who were all off at Wounded Knee at the time, didn't say much about it.

And, by the way, has anyone noticed how much damage the Old Agnew inflicted on liberty of discussion? Op Ed pages, CBS's *Spectrum* (with "three differing viewpoints"), carefully designated "commentary" on the evening news, even a token Republican at the *New York Times*! All these innovations *since* the Des Moines speech, *not*, you understand, because the Old Agnew was right, but just by coincidence (they were doubtless coming anyway, inevitably, with the march of progress), which shows how wrong he really was.

It's Only Tax Money

Some in-depth research by *Playboy* Magazine has uncovered this representative sampling of federal cost-consciousness:

—The much-publicized "Heroin Hotline," set up to take anonymous tips on drugs, received in its first four months 26,079 obscene and crank calls, uncovered two grams of heroin, and cost the taxpayers $260,000.

—A military purchasing officer somehow ordered an 82-year supply of freeze-dried tuna-salad mix.

—The Interdepartmental Screw Thread Commission, established during World War I to oversee the way screws and nuts were threaded, still operates at a cost of about $250,000 a year.

—In just two years, the Defense Department produced twelve different films to show military men how to brush their teeth. The most recent one cost $35,000.

—Elmendorf Air Force Base in Alaska runs a hotel exclusively for military men above the rank of lieutenant colonel and for government officials with incomes above $22,000 a year. Three dollars a night provides a daily average of eight such worthies with Miami-style conveniences, including 19 hot and cold running military personnel as servants.

—The Public Works Impact Program, designed to "create jobs," managed to create 27 temporary jobs by building the Hockey Hall of Fame in Eveleth, Minnesota for $666,400.

—A 216-page study, *Aerodynamic Analysis of the Self-Suspended Flare*, cost the Navy $375,000. It explains why Frisbees can't be used to carry flares over battlefields.

—HEW commissioned a company to discover, for $19,-300, that tricycles have "unstable performance, particularly roll-over while turning."

—In 1911 the Naval Academy established a herd of dairy cows as protection against typhoid. The herd is now five hundred strong, and milk costs the Academy $84,000 a year more than it would if bought at the local supermarket.

—Part of the nation's strategic stockpile is 1,500 tons of feathers, stored at a cost of $59,000 a year.

Egon Bahr's Crystal Ball

Walter Hahn, Associate Director for Research of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, is the cause of controversy in the West German Bundestag and possibly the cause of Willy Brandt's recent two-day visit to Washington. It all has to do with an interview Hahn had in 1969 with Egon Bahr, Willy Brandt's closest adviser and the chief architect of Ostpolitik. Hahn published the interview in the winter issue of *Orbis*.

In the interview, Hahn asked Brandt's "mini-Kissinger" to gaze into "the near-range future" and speculate on possible developments in Ostpolitik. Bahr was loquacious and, it turned out, clairvoyant. He enumerated four steps Ostpolitik would take. The first two have either happened or are under way. Step One would be recognition of the East German regime by West Germany, accomplished by the December 1972 treaty between the two Germanies. Step Two, Bahr predicted, would be the establishment of nonviolence agreements and diplomatic relations with East European countries. This is being accomplished. So far West Germany has only signed an accord with Poland, but talks with Czechoslovakia have begun and, it is expected, are soon to begin with Hungary.

It is Bahr's last two steps that have caused the furor. These call for 1) drastic reductions in the level of foreign forces in Germany and 2) a European security system. Concerning the troop cut, Bahr said the American and Soviet military presence in both Germanies is unneces-

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sarily high and he projected cuts of from 30 to 50 per cent in American forces. The European security system he envisaged would affect, on the Communist side, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany; on the Western side, Denmark, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and West Germany. Other countries might be included, but Great Britain and France, because of their nuclear capabilities, would have to be excluded. Naturally, Bahr told his interviewer, when this new security system comes about, all American and Soviet forces would have to be withdrawn from the countries belonging to the system. Yes, he said, this would mean the dissolution of the NATO alliance.

Interviewer Hahn left Bahr "with a sense of disbelief." After all Bahr, "a highly placed official of a government tightly allied with the United States," had just projected "a radical departure from the foreign policy of his country." What's more, says Hahn, the Brandt government's Ostpolitik "has since unfolded in startling conformity" to the way Bahr predicted.

Willy Brandt has always advertised Ostpolitik as a "policy of reconciliation" with Communist Europe, but Hahn points out that Brandt's adviser, who has been correct so far, has more in mind than smooth relations with Communist Europe. Bahr's eventual goal, which he has affirmed several times since the 1969 interview, is the restoration of the German nation. He has also said that if he were forced to choose between Western Europe and Ostpolitik, he would choose the latter.

Bahr's critics, noting how smoothly his plans blend with Soviet demands on West Germany, have labeled him pro-Communist, but Hahn disagrees. According to him, Bahr is, if anything, "anti-ideological." His ideas remind Hahn of "the Bismarckian idea and the Romantic Nationalism that several times wrenched Germany into disastrous veers of policy." They also call to mind a "German propensity to overestimate their own ability" to shape Europe's political environment.

It's time, Hahn says, for those in Bonn who don't share Bahr's views to assert themselves. The uproar in the Bundestag suggests they are doing just that.

Thou Shalt Not Get Caught

Senator Frank Church's recent subcommittee hearings on ITT's 1970 activities in Chile finally produced confusing testimony and confused criticism. There are important discrepancies in the accounts of three of the ITT officials who appeared. What *was* the purpose of the million-dollar offer the company made the State Department? Was it to finance a political operation, and if so, a coup or merely rival candidates? Was it meant to win Allende's favor by sponsoring farm and housing programs? Were there *several* pokers in the fire? Or was it simply, desperately hoped that a million dollars would have some sort of efficacy if fired in the general direction of Allende? The sum of the evidence of the memos and recent testimony suggests that the principal idea was to help rival candidates and the beleaguered opposition press (Arturo Matte Larrain, who ran against Allende, says he refused such aid from ITT); but it is hard to say with assurance.

Most of the criticisms made of ITT's supposed (and probably real) attempt to stop Allende are beside the point. The company's legitimate interests and contractual rights were in clear danger of violation at Allende's hands, as Allende had proclaimed and has subsequently confirmed. It cannot be surprising that ITT tried to encourage his opponents in a close election. But a secret operation, by definition, has to remain secret. No one who can't keep secret operations secret has a right to attempt them. Here ITT flopped, and it and the U.S. are paying politically. ITT may pay even more dearly if the present decision not to indemnify ITT for its losses in Chile is allowed to stand.

Denationalize the Rails

The Department of Transportation wants to cut back unprofitable railroad lines, seek private funding for the trimmed-down system, and reduce or eliminate ICC authority over routes and rates. ICC officials, naturally enough, lashed out at the plan as a "naive hope," and suggested that "only a major government [read: ICC] involvement can produce an acceptable solution." Yet it was just such government involvement that has produced the unacceptable problem.

In 1906, the Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized to protect the railroad cartel from clandestine rebating and antitrust prosecution. This prohibition of price competition fostered rivalry in services, with unnecessary over-expansion of parallel rail lines. The purpose of the rail cartel was to charge discriminatory rates based on cargo value rather than weight (Nabisco saved a fortune at this time by dropping the word "biscuits" from Shredded Wheat cereal—biscuits were charged a higher freight rate). This left the railroads vulnerable to "cream-skimming" of the high value, low weight business by trucks. In the early 1920s, the ICC raised minimum rail rates sharply to maintain the target rate of return specified in the Transportation Act of 1920. This further stimulated the switch from railroads to trucks. Since then, the ICC has hampered efforts to cut freight rates on long distance and bulk cargoes (where railroads could effectively compete with trucks and barges), to prune away uneconomic lines and unneeded jobs, and to develop integral-train technology. The ICC's minimum rates in railroads and trucking cost consumers several billion dollars each year. To put it mildly, the ICC obviously isn't qualified to reorganize anything, much less the railroads.

There are still those who see complete nationalization as the solution to problems caused by partial nationalization. But nationalization merely institutionalizes struc-

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tural cost problems, and passes those costs on to the taxpayer. U.S. railroads paid almost a billion dollars in taxes in 1968 and had net profits of over $677 million. According to data in *Railway Age*, nationalized foreign railroads generally received huge taxpayer subsidies and still had equally huge deficits (French railroads received $424 million in subsidies in 1968, had an additional deficit of $477 million, and still charged shippers more than twice as much per ton mile as U.S. railroads).

The railroad industry as a whole is still well in the black, and carries more than 40 per cent of all intercity freight. The commuter services of the Northeastern lines are another matter. As long as most highways are "free," while railroads must charge users for capital outlays, commuters and shippers will over-use cars and trucks. If airports were "free," everyone would drive a plane to work and ship by air freight.

Autos and Mass Transit

Right-thinking people it seems are universally agreed that Americans should do less driving and more riding in trains, and a major effort has been under way in recent years to divert money from the highway trust fund to other modes of transportation. Automobiles, it is argued, pollute; they are used inefficiently—often by a single individual, the driver; in the cities they create congestion and noise; they use up huge amounts of petroleum; and so forth.

But these arguments, scarcely invalid as far as they go, have been stubbornly resisted and last month, once again, the cries of pain among the right-thinking were loud and long as the House voted down (215 to 190) an attempt to divert highway trust funds to urban mass transit. Yet the resistance here may have deeper roots than the greed of Detroit or the wishes of the nefarious "highway lobby," for the automobile from its very inception has possessed profound cultural and psychological significance in the modern world, and, therefore, especially in America—for America, as Gertrude Stein observed, has lived in the twentieth century longer than any other nation.

In his *Futurist Manifesto*, published in 1908 and generally regarded as the trumpet-blast of the modern movement in the arts, F. T. Marinetti viewed the automobile as the quintessential expression of the modern spirit. It was the machine controlled by the individual himself (note that in "mass transit" this relationship would be reversed); it conferred upon him the gift of speed; it loosened his relationship to locality; it expressed his taste and his will. For Marinetti, the automobile was *the* expression of freedom of spirit. The fifth proposition of Marinetti's *Manifesto* is to "hymn the man at the steering-wheel whose ideal axis passes through the center of the earth."

In *The Great Gatsby*, which can be read as a kind of phenomenology of the American spirit, the automobile occupies a central position, each car in the book a personal signature of the individual who owns it, the characters forever driving hither and yon, the entire handling of this theme culminating in Gatsby's one "gorgeous car" which gives out "a burst of melody from its three-noted horn." "I had seen it," says Nick Carraway. "Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and super-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shield that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town . . ."

What Marinetti and Fitzgerald say, but our right-thinking people miss, is that the meaning of the automobile is not entirely "transportation."

F. A. Harper, R I P

Floyd Arthur Harper (inscrutably nicknamed "Baldy," though he showed not a trace of baldness) was born on a farm near Middleville, Michigan in 1905. He took a PhD degree at Cornell in 1932, and served on the Cornell faculty as Professor of Marketing for the next 14 years. When the Foundation for Economic Education was founded in 1946, he became its economist, and remained on its staff until 1958. In 1963 he launched his own foundation, the Institute for Humane Studies, at Menlo Park, California, and was its president at the time of his death. Though he wrote a number of distinguished books, among them *Liberty: A Path to Its Recovery* (1949), and *Why Wages Rise* (1957), he selflessly devoted most of his energies in the last ten years to helping finance and promote the studies and books of other scholars who espoused the principles of freedom.

—H. Hazlitt

Jacques Maritain, R I P

Jacques Maritain looked a frail man. As far back as 1950, still in his sixties, it seemed the very next corridor draft would snatch him away. Shawl on shoulder, stooped, pasty-faced, great-aged at the eyes, leonine mane of hair whited through, he came to class in mid-afternoon once a week and somehow made it through the next three hours of lecture and seminar, wise, benign, we thought a very late autumn leaf, the small, accented voice feeding on exiguous material reserves. Somehow, too, he made it through to a ninth decade of terrestrial life, somehow he wrote fifty books, twenty of them in actual old age, somehow he touched every base of possible human concern and scholarly endeavor, and ah! that "touch" was a hand-spread over a full octave at the grand piano of being.

Truth alone, he said, keeps things permanently in place. And it, the hold on it, the hunt for it, kept *him*

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in place, indefatigably at his writing desk, in his frail body, close to Raïssa, his mystic-wife, Aquinas short-leashed to his wrist, in his massively energetic assault on it and, indeed, on God's Own life. "Maritain is not lazy," Gilson, hardly the laconic man, would say of his old warrior-pal. "Whenever I go out on call," said the Princeton physician, housed across the night street, "his study lamp is always lit. . . . Maritain is always at his work."

Some people have to do it—sinking the drill into the stubborn hardpan of being, cutting deep to the very heart of Existence Itself, to keep our human lamps supplied, dimmed now after six centuries of the manufacture of lampblack and nasty street vandalism by The Enlightenment, Inc. Maritain, the mercy of God never failing us, lately recovered from a near-fatal brush with Rationalism, rose up among us, and looking around with compassion (perhaps—he was human—with fear and apprehension), bent his slender shoulders to the heavy tackle. We are immeasurably healthier, holier, happier for his work. The Augean Stables are cleaner now, stained with his very sweat, worked as they were through half a century with unremitting toil, a toil, it should be said which barely kept the wolf of poverty from his own door. Well done, M. Maritain. Keeping faith with Truth was your thing. I think it now, verily, your sweet portion forever.

—J. KILEY

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since a controversy seems to be in the making regarding the use of *crap* in response to a letter, and since *NR* had once published a piece of mine containing the word *crap*, thereby entitling me to at least some stock option in its use, I feel the following is in order.

The letter in question was making more a dogmatic than spiritual point, meriting, in my opinion, *crap* in its euphemistic sense, in place of a harsher, more realistic expletive. The editors demonstrated extreme politeness in dealing with, nay, even printing such drivel, so that some raving termagent might vent his spleen.

What essentially makes *NR* different from other magazines is its common-sense approach to varied subjects more than its conservative response. The Picasso obituary, say (a beautiful piece), compared to the liberal treatment of Pound, demonstrates the complete absence from the *argumentum ad hominen*, so fashionable in either ideology.

But if one can not always stand athwart the tide of history yelling "Stop," he can at least occasionally yell "Crap" whenever he smells it.

The Winter of Our Discontent

To Bella Abzug, Nixon's Richard III;
To Harriet Van Horne, he's Frankenstein.
Before I label both of them "absurd,"
I'll want to check more linen on the line.
Ralph Nader feels he's fated to resign;
Max Lerner pales at Agnew at the wheel.
John Tower thinks the case is going fine,
While Barry hints impeachment talk is real.
Offstage, from Martha Mitchell's latest spiel,
I gather further detonations loom.
Will Nixon join the folks in the Bastille?
Will Agnew occupy the Oval Room?
I hope the President can stand his ground.
Meanwhile, I'm thankful that nobody drowned.

W. H. VON DREELE

Consider, for example, the great improvement in the evening news if: a) a fly were to sit upon Walter Cronkite's nose, or b) during the scruffy pomposity of an Eric Sevareid "analysis" the word *crap* would suddenly be superimposed across the screen.

In all, be the word defended on the basis of its definitive use, its appropriateness is beyond question. The world presently abounding is such, the necessity of the identification of this and other kinds of *crap* cannot be diminished. Your humble servant,

Louis A. Galiano
Non Crapus Mentis
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Hard as it is for me to believe, I apparently know something you don't. I refer to your column "A Language Needs 'Dirty Words.'" I suspect the word *crap* could be traced to the inventor of the automatic toilet syphon, an Englishman named Thomas Crapper.

Thomas Crapper, indeed! However I jest not. I have in my hand his biography, *Flushed with Pride*, written by Wallace Reyburn, and published by Prentice-Hall. Sincerely yours,

A. Pat Riggins Jr. D.V.M.
Leawood, Kansas

Dear Mr. Buckley:

You are wrong about *crap*—a word on its way from concrete to abstract but not there yet. Just smell it; don't bother to get out a reference book.

Mrs. Charles Sturtzen
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir:

The word *crap* undoubtedly sprang into use shortly after the renowned Englishman, Sir Thomas Crapper, invented the flush toilet.

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What does one deposit in a "Crapper"?

W. R. Benson
Aserradero, Tejas

You really do delight me.

Dear WFB:

Just want to say that I agree 100 per cent with the first two letters to editor in April 27 issue of *NR*—I'm very disappointed that you print four-letter words. That's all—

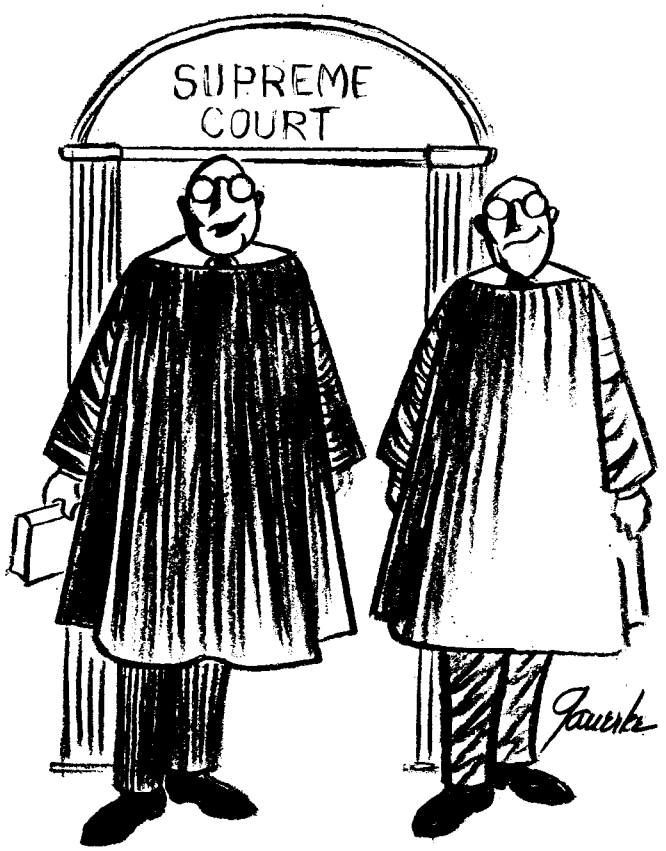
Ray Knutsen *"Help Billy James Hargis Fight Communism."*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Lest *NR* destroy itself with all this talk about grammar [May 11], I submit the wise words of Folly as quoted by Erasmus of Rotterdam:

"Whereas if another do but slip a word, and one more quick-sighted than the rest discover it by accident, O Hercules! what uproars, what bickerings, what taunts, what invectives! If I lye, let me have the ill will of the Grammarians. I knew in my time one of many Arts, a Grecian, a Latinist, a Mathematician, a Philosopher, a Physitian, a Man master of 'em all, and sixty years of age, who, laying by all the rest, perplext and tormented himself for above twenty years in the study of Grammar; fully reckoning himself a Prince if he might but live so long till he could certainly determine how the Eight parts of Speech were to be distinguisht, which none of the Greeks or Latines had yet fully clear'd: as if it were a matter to be decided by the Sword, if a man made an Adverb of a Conjunction." Very truly yours,

Howbert A. Steele
McAllen, Texas



"I may not agree with what we say, but I'll defend to the death Gloria Steinem's right not to reproduce herself."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Being without sin (or nearly so). I fearfully cast a small pebble in your general direction.

How come that, in last night's program, you pronounced "chimera" as "shim' - mer - eh"? I do not find this in either my unabridged Random House or Webster's "New World Dictionary." Both give only—

1. kim - meer' - eh
2. kye - meer' - eh.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph I. Oser
Huntington Valley, Pa.

Mr. Oser: I know, I know, and I can say kimera, but I never say shimerical, the onomatopoeic imperative.

—WFB

■ To: WFB—5/9/73
From: PLB

Did you spot Jack Anderson's column today?

"The Committee To Re-Elect the President established a national 'letter-writing network' which continued even after the election to flood newspapers with letters praising the President and lambasting his critics.

"His conservative critics weren't spared in the letters-to-editors campaign. Conservative columnist William Buckley, for example, annoyed the President by criticizing the detente with Communist China. Out went a draft, which the 'letter-writing network' was invited to use as a model for bombarding newspapers.

" 'Ideologically obsessed with rigid mind and inflexible attitudes, William Buckley sounds like a political Elmer Gantry with his righteous outbursts against the Chinese (Communist) devils,' the letter writers were instructed to say. 'Buckley has no trouble supporting rightist dictators, from Spain to Greece to Brazil, but he appears mentally incapable of recognizing that under Mao the lives of the Chinese masses have been greatly improved.

" 'Buckley doesn't seem to care that before 1949 the average peasant had no house, almost no clothing and never enough food, that he was exploited ruthlessly and died young.

" 'Buckley is not offering the "conservative" view of China. . . . What Buckley gives is a radical, evangelical hysteria centered in the old Manichaean theory of absolute good and evil.' "

To: PLB
From: WFB

How can I believe in only absolute good? I voted for Nixon. —B.

—WFB

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Tough Guys

In 1968 candidate Nixon anticipated "surrounding the President with men of stature, including young men, and giving them responsibility commensurate with that stature." He promised "men who will command the public's respect and the President's attention by the power of their intellects and the force of their ideas." These men, he said, "will not have to check their conscience at the door, or leave their powers of independent judgment at home."

But the men who came to surround the President were the men who had surrounded the candidate. Their work was bad from the start. Today their consequences are disastrous for Mr. Nixon, the Presidency, and the nation. But today's consequences are natural (if not quite predictable) products of the character traits that were apparent at the start.

During the first crucial legislative battle of Mr. Nixon's first term, the 1969 Senate struggle to authorize construction of the Safeguard antiballistic missile system, Ken BeLieu, then a member of the White House congressional-relations office dealing with the Senate, was attending a White House staff meeting. Suddenly H. R. Haldeman snapped at BeLieu: "You shouldn't be sitting here, you should be up in the Senate telling Hugh Scott how to vote."

Now Hugh Scott, Minority Leader of the Senate, a strong-willed and canny politician, is known to believe that the people of Pennsylvania do not send him to the Senate, as they have done for three terms, docilely to do the bidding of agents dispatched from former managers of the Los Angeles office of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. And Scott's belief is not a personal quirk. It is shared, in some form or other, by 534 other senators and congressmen. It has something to do with the idea that politics is an honorable and dignified profession, with substantial responsibilities, even if you get into it by being elected to an office below the Presidency.

Today there are few offices in the nation that are not above the Presidency in terms of the affection enjoyed by their current holders. Polls already indicate that a majority of the American people believes the President knew about the Watergate cover-up. That is, a growing majority believes the President was not telling the full truth when he made what he hoped would be—but which almost certainly will not be—his final statement to the nation about Watergate.

The Watergate speech made matters worse. It was an "explanation" that did not explain; its lavish praise of Haldeman and John Ehrlichman seemed pointlessly provocative. No one can anticipate how Mr. Nixon will bear up under the strain of watching—and feeling—the spreading belief that he has something to hide.

A senior counselor to the President, long since departed from the White House, told Ehrlichman and others repeatedly that "Nixon has a permanent credibility problem," an indissoluble residue from his ferocious partisanship in earlier years. But today the President's problems concern more than credibility. With undreamt of, unprecedented pressure on him, the President is alone. He has had to fire his best friends, and has few other friends to turn to for solace or help.

Shortly after the 1969 election, Leonard Garment, one of the President's former law partners, who has replaced John Dean as White House counsel, spoke with a friend about Haldeman and Ehrlichman. Garment said they were "necessary": "In fact, considering the way Nixon squeaked in, they were probably essential. Without them, he might have fallen apart." Now he is without them and the thought that he might fall apart is crossing some sober minds in Washington.

The question now is: Is the President really the thing of fire and steel he fancies himself to be, or is he just "tough" in the manner of some of his fallen associates.

From the start the Administration has been awash with self-consciously "tough" guys. But only timid, insecure, scared men spend so much time assuring the public and each other they are "tough." People who are timid and aggressively "tough" usually have the characters of bullies. Holmes's famous praise of FDR—"second-rate intellect, first-rate character"—presupposed an important truth. Character is more important than intellect in politics. Politics demands an elite of gentlemen.

In the last four years nothing has been so numbingly, maddeningly mindless as the Administration's denunciation of "elitism." A nation without elites is a nation that does not reward excellence with public trust.

Unfortunately, as the prominence of Haldeman and Ehrlichman demonstrates, the existence of elites is not necessarily evidence of excellence rewarded.

We have had stupid, base elites before, but this is ridiculous.

The trouble with Washington is not elites. It is that our elites are so tacky. President Nixon surrounded himself with "tough" guys, bully-boys who enjoyed telling newsmen that "I would walk over my grandmother" for the President. They have seemed to relish being rude, as though they wanted to demonstrate contempt for Newman's definition of a gentleman: "One who never inflicts pain."

The President's "tough" guys poisoned the atmosphere in the White House and, eventually, in most of Washington. Now almost no one here has the kind of affection for the President that would make them want to make the effort to believe what he is saying about the encircling scandal. □

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. . . As Others See Us

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

BRUSSELS—The Watergate affair would have provided Europeans the occasion, I more or less assumed, for an anti-American field day. And many professional anti-Americans have certainly been having the time of their lives.

What has surprised me, though, is the larger number, even among Europeans not known for friendliness toward America, who, if I extrapolate accurately from what I have been hearing and reading, are in no wise happy at our sorrows. I think I had been unduly impressed by Peregrine Worsthorne's bitter ("sordid," "banana republic") attack that the *New York Times* reprinted on its Op Ed page. I should have allowed more for the fact that Worsthorne's is not a "typical European" opinion. He has been a steadfast friend and defender of America; even in the midst of the worst Cuban and Vietnam storms; he had a right to feel betrayed; and to say so in public.

By the more usual European and for the large majority of European intellectuals, an anti-American rhetoric is as much taken for granted as at a chic New York or Boston cocktail party. But what if some of these harsh and scornful things we get such pleasure out of saying are not just talk but really true? What if America really doesn't give a damn about freedom and liberty and the independence of smaller nations?

What if America today is too weak or irresolute or divided to be counted on in the crunch? It is one thing to taunt the awkward giant, or even throw sticks and stones at him, while you are sure of his strength and benevolence; it's something quite else again when you begin to doubt either the one or the other. I believe that the relatively low key of most European comment and the absence, in both public and private, of anti-American gloating and abuse is explained by the fear that the Watergate affair, and especially its seeming involvement of the entire central apparatus, open up possibilities of that sort. Most Europeans seem to be puzzled and concerned at Watergate rather than angry, disgusted, or scornful.

After dinner a few evenings ago, one of Europe's leading political scientists switched off the polite chitchat at which he is fluent and witty; and spoke almost as if briefing a Council of Ministers. He began with the present relation of military forces, in both men and equipment, in Central and Eastern Europe, and continued: "The Watergate business is nothing at all. There are Watergates in Rome, Paris, Bonn, London, Rio, New Delhi, Tokyo, Moscow, Peking, and always have been and will be. The only facts of importance are these: that without nuclear intervention Soviet units would be in Paris within three or four days at most; that the French *force de frappe* is a farce; that American missiles are Western Europe's only defense against Soviet domination; that the presence of American troops in Europe is the best assurance to Europe and Moscow that American missiles would be launched if necessary."

A Weary Atlas?

Such reasoning goes a long way to explain both the usual derogation of America—typical expression of a distasteful sense of dependence—and the seemingly contradictory solicitude when America seems to be in bad trouble.

Though doubtless they exist, I have not heard or read in Europe any comments on Watergate of half the vindictiveness or ferocity of scores of columns, editorials, and TV pronouncements in the U.S. media. In Europe, not to mention Asia, Africa, and Latin America, not only is secret funding of politics and politicians routine, but secret subsidies of the media are taken for granted. And everyone bugs nowadays: Italy and France have both just gone through weeks of headlined bugging and counter-bugging charges which will never be investigated. Europeans often make the point, admiringly, that none of the Washington people caught up by Watergate is accused of personal fraud; that they all went outside the rules not from venal motives but from an excess of loyalty and zeal. And a good many Europeans, including several not known for friendship toward us, consider the big public fuss over Watergate, with all the investigations, accusations, denunciations, denials, grand juries, and trials to be a big plus for our side. "At least," they say, "your system manages to push these matters into the open, and to name the names." There are not many Europeans who are rejoicing in Nixon's humiliation. Most Europeans, even on the Left, rate his global policies and accomplishments very high, and are uneasy at the thought that his domestic bind may destroy his effectiveness in the critical international encounters now on the agenda. They ask with anxiety about the impeachment process and its possible application to Richard Nixon.

Credible Is as Credible Does

But even if impeachment is all but excluded, there is no doubt at all that by the Watergate affair Richard Nixon, the office of the President, and the nation whose government the President heads have been gravely harmed in their relation to Europe and in global relations more generally. One of our diplomats put it this way: "My job is to represent the President and the country, and to further their interests. In carrying it out, I have one and only one weapon: credibility—my personal credibility, resting on the credibility of the President and government for whom I am charged to speak. The Watergate incidents themselves are trivial. But what Watergate has done is to damage seriously, maybe destroy, our government's credibility, and my own of course along with it. I believe the only way credibility can be restored is for Haldeman and Ehrlichman to resign [he was speaking the evening before they did], to take full responsibility for the Watergate operations, and to absolve the President of any entanglement. And it is not enough for them to remain silent. They must publicly and explicitly both take the responsibility and exonerate the President."

Our shadow-version, I suppose, of the confessions at a Moscow Purge Trial. □

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THE RIGHT TO SAY NO

Reporters are going to jail for contempt. Congressional committees are looking into the question of immunity for newsmen—a new kind of special privilege. This is the story behind those stories

Shielding the Press

PATRICK MAINES

LATE LAST JUNE, the Supreme Court ruled that news reporters have no constitutional privilege to refuse investigative subpoenas. This case has come to be known as the *Caldwell* decision.

In the wake of this decision, both the House and the Senate are considering the enactment of a statutory newsman's privilege designed to compensate for what the press feels it lost in the Court.

They are not having an easy time of it. Though the notion of such legislation has suffered little or no opposition of a general nature, Congress, the legal profession, and even the press itself are badly divided over the language and scope of the proposed privilege. To better understand the bills being considered it is important to know the background of events that gave impetus to the legislative action: the Caldwell case and the Supreme Court decision.

In early 1970 Earl Caldwell, a black reporter for the *New York Times*, was sent by the San Francisco bureau to cover the activities of the Black Panther Party at their national headquarters in Oakland, California. After months of struggle, Caldwell overcame the Panthers' distrust (they suspected him of working for the police). They gave him a lengthy series of interviews—on tape and paper—from which he wrote articles for the *Times*.

Many months into his investigation and reporting on the Panthers, the Justice Department impaneled a federal grand jury in San Francisco to determine (after the fashion of all grand juries) whether the Panthers had committed any crimes and, if so, who should be indicted.

As one knowledgeable about Panther activities, Earl Caldwell was subpoenaed by the grand jury to give information.

He refused, and in District Court attempted to have the subpoena quashed, citing First Amendment privileges. The decision of the District Court, on June 5, 1970, was unusual. It ruled that Caldwell was correct: He did have a constitutional privilege against any forced testimony of confidential information; but also ruled that he was wrong in refusing to *answer* the subpoena. The District Court directed Caldwell to appear before the grand jury, with, however, the right to withhold confidential information.

When this decision was announced there was joy among the press. It seemed to some that a victory had been won. But to Caldwell himself, the decision seemed to provide no relief at all.

As Caldwell tells the story, his relationship with the Panthers was never so secure as to be beyond suspicion or review. So how, the reporter reasoned, could he appear before a secret grand jury? Even if he were to resist all questions of a confidential nature—how could the Panthers know that he had? Surely he wouldn't be the only witness called, and if indictments were handed down how could he prove to the Panthers that it wasn't a consequence of *his* testimony? With these thoughts in mind, Caldwell refused the subpoena—and was cited for contempt.

The presiding judge in the District Court ruled, however, that Caldwell's contempt sentence could be stayed pending appeal to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Appealing the Appeal

Before the appeals court, Caldwell's lawyer, Anthony Amsterdam, a professor of law at Stanford, argued that the contempt citation was out of order since, by the District Court's instructions, Caldwell would be obligated, at considerable damage to his career, to give a "barren performance" before the grand jury. Amsterdam also argued that the government had a) failed to show that Caldwell had relevant and important knowledge of a probable crime, and b) failed to demonstrate that the information sought could not be gotten from some other source.

On November 17, 1970 the Court of Appeals upheld Caldwell and ruled that he did not, given the circumstances, have to appear before the grand jury. The contempt citation was reversed.

Mr. Maines, an advertising executive and freelance author, was until recently an assistant publisher of NR.

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If there was joy at the decision of the District Court, there was ecstasy at that of the Appeals. Surely, most people believed, this was the end of Caldwell's ordeal. The courts had spoken; the First Amendment was reaffirmed.

In the warm afterglow of the Appeals Court decision, few were fully prepared for the next move in this elaborate game of legal chess: The Justice Department appealed the Circuit Court's decision to the Supreme Court. Unexpectedly, and suddenly, Caldwell was no longer the "petitioner" but the "respondent."

Still, everyone close to the case—especially Caldwell and Amsterdam—felt there was no great cause for alarm. They would simply present to the Supreme Court the arguments that had worked so effectively with the lower court.

With a large part of the press—including the *New York Times*—now urging Congress for an "absolute" *statutory* privilege, it is perhaps important to know that, before the Supreme Court, Anthony Amsterdam argued only that reporters have a "qualified" *constitutional* privilege. At no time, before the Supreme Court or before the lower courts for that matter, did Caldwell's attorney argue that, under the First Amendment, reporters have an absolute privilege to refuse testimony before investigative bodies (a point that was not lost on Justice Douglas who, though he voted with Caldwell, rebuked his defense and the *Times* for claiming *less* than absolute privilege).

Instead, Caldwell's attorney argued the particulars of the case. Citing various legal precedents, Amsterdam began yet again to raise the scaffolding for a qualified privilege and argued that the government had failed to produce the necessary preliminary showings to overrule this privilege.

Unfortunately for Amsterdam and Caldwell, however, this was no longer the Supreme Court of Warren and Black and Fortas and Goldberg: This was the Court of Burger, Blackmun, Powell, and Rehnquist.

The Majority Speaks

The Supreme Court decision came on June 29, 1972. By a 5 to 4 vote the Court reversed the Ninth Circuit decision, ruling that reporters have no constitutional privilege, absolute *or* qualified, to refuse to appear before, and give testimony to, properly constituted grand juries.

The opinions of the Justices, however, were split four ways. The opinion of the Court was written by Justice White, expressing the views of Justices Burger, Blackmun, and Rehnquist. Justice Powell wrote a separate concurring opinion. Dissenting opinions were written by Justice Stewart (with whom Justices Brennan and Marshall joined) and Justice Douglas.

The first two sentences of the majority decision come straight to the point:

> The issue in these cases* is whether requiring newsmen to appear and testify before state or federal grand juries abridges the freedom of speech and press guaranteed by the First Amendment. We hold that it does not.

Essentially, the majority decision featured three points: 1) a rebuttal of the various "tests" proposed by the defense that were alleged to be necessary before reporters could be obliged to testify before grand juries; 2) an elaborate statement on the usefulness and nature of grand juries themselves; and 3) an explication of the Court's resistance (it seemed to them judicially reckless) to any finding that reporters do possess a constitutional privilege of the sort alleged.

Of these three points the more interesting are the last two. With respect to the second, the Court made it perfectly clear what it determined to be the superior and controlling constitutional and social interest in law enforcement (read: grand juries) over the narrower interest in an untrammeled press.

> On the records now before us, we perceive no basis for holding that the public interest in law enforcement and in ensuring effective grand jury proceedings is insufficient to override the consequential, but uncertain, burden on newsgathering which is said to result from insisting that reporters, like other citizens, respond to relevant questions put to them in the course of a valid grand jury investigation or criminal trial.

Warming to its task, the Court shifted into high gear, when it spoke, without calling it by this name, of what would be the "judicially adventurous" nature of holding that reporters possess a constitutional privilege.

First noting, as mentioned earlier, that the privilege claimed was conditional, and not absolute, the Court argued that a qualified privilege would be unsatisfactory from the point of view advanced by the press itself. As Justice White wrote:

> Given the suggested preliminary showing . . . the reporter would be required to testify . . . the prospect of being unmasked whenever a judge determined the situation justified it is hardly a satisfactory solution to the problem. *For them, it would appear that only an absolute privilege would suffice.* . . .
>
> We are unwilling to embark this judiciary on a long and difficult journey to such an uncertain destination. The administration of a constitutional newsman's privilege would present practical and conceptual difficulties of a high order. Sooner or later, it would be necessary to define those categories of newsmen who qualified for the privileges. . . . In each instance where a reporter is subpoenaed to testify, the courts would also be embroiled in preliminary factual and legal determinations with respect to whether the proper predicate had been laid for the reporter's appearance. . . . Thus, in the end, the courts would be inextricably involved in distinguishing between the value of enforcing different criminal laws. . . . *The task of judges, like other*

*Though not widely reported, the Court ruled on three separate cases in the decision referred to as *Caldwell*. The other two cases concerned *Louisville Courier-Journal* reporter Paul Branzburg and WTEV-TV (New Bedford, Mass.) reporter Paul Pappas.

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officials outside the legislative branch, is not to make the law but to uphold it in accordance with their oaths. [Emphasis added.]

In very few words, a perfect demonstration of what is meant by "strict construction." The Court was unwilling to involve other courts in what seemed to it an improper intrusion into legislative territory.

Near the end of the decision, Justice White pointed out that Congress has the freedom to determine whether a statutory newsman's privilege is necessary and desirable. Which is where matters now stand.

Needed: A Shield

Perhaps the single most important factor working against the development of a congressional consensus on shield legislation is that very few people have sufficient knowledge of *all* the relevant considerations. If the advocate for legislation is a press spokesman, he is apt to know little about the myriad legal points involved. If he is a lawyer, he knows little of the day-to-day realities of journalism. If he is a congressman, the chances are that he doesn't know a great deal about either the legalities or the press—though he is certainly aware of the strictly political ramifications.

Given the general confusion, perhaps the best way to approach this subject is—innocently.

Since *Caldwell*, approximately twenty separate subpoenas have been served on reporters. Most of these subpoenas have been at the state level, usually by county grand juries, although several subpoenas have also been issued by federal grand juries.

A typical case, and the first to follow the *Caldwell* decision, is that of reporter Peter J. Bridge, formerly of the *Newark Evening News*. Mr. Bridge wrote an article about a Housing Authority Commissioner who claimed to have been bribed. Before a county grand jury Mr. Bridge refused to answer some fifty questions, was cited for contempt, and served twenty days in jail.

It is the position of the press that such action has, or shortly will have, a stifling effect on its profession. Journalists argue that informants will no longer step forward if guarantees of confidentiality cannot be made, save by a sworn statement from the reporter that he will go to jail before testifying. The press also argues that without a statutory privilege, certain subtle changes will occur in news reporting itself. They suggest that editors and publishers will be more cautious, particularly in the area of investigative reporting, when faced with the possibility that they may be obliged to answer a subpoena, or suffer great legal cost for refusing to testify.

As mentioned above, there has been to date very little disagreement with either this logic or its concomitant implication: the need to enact shield legislation.

Which is not to say there has been none at all. A University of Michigan law professor, Vincent A. Blasi, testifying before the House Judiciary Committee after having conducted a study of the problem for the Reporters Committee on Freedom of the Press, testified that "the key factor influencing sources' fears was neither the scope of the immunity nor the specific language of the legislation, but rather the frequency and the number of subpoenas issued." Still, Professor Blasi recommended a "qualified" privilege tightening the procedure by which subpoenas may be issued to newsmen.

Perhaps the only unequivocal opponent of shield legislation of any kind has been columnist and *NR* contributor James J. Kilpatrick. Testifying before Senator Ervin's Judiciary subcommittee, Mr. Kilpatrick stated, "We ought not to rely upon a statute, which may prove as ephemeral as the winds. We ought instead to rely upon the Constitution itself, which is a rock."

The Department of Justice has indicated a willingness to go along with a "qualified" statutory privilege that would apply to federal investigative bodies, though it has indicated its flat opposition to any privilege that would pre-empt state laws. It is perhaps of crucial importance that the White House has not yet taken a definitive stand on this issue.

What the Future Holds

Most of the controversy over shield legislation to date has centered on four points:

1. The point just mentioned, whether federal legislation should pre-empt state laws or apply only to federal courts and grand juries. (This may prove to be the thorniest dilemma of all, involving, as it does, questions of constitutionality. Senator Ervin is said to have grave doubts, even as advocates of such preemption argue that the Congress has such a right under the Commerce Clause. The Supreme Court, the final arbiter in such a dispute, appeared to favor the autonomy of state laws.)

2. Whether legislation should give newsmen an "absolute" immunity (no forced testimony under any conditions) or merely a "qualified" immunity (obliging testimony where a "compelling need" has been shown).

3. Whether the immunity should apply only to working journalists, or to them and to scholars, authors, working pamphleteers, etc.

4. Whether the immunity against testimony should protect only a newsman's confidential sources or both his sources and his information (notes, tapes, etc.).

With so many possible variations it is no surprise that, in both the Senate and the House, bills have been introduced reflecting numerous combinations.

Perhaps the bill being watched most closely is Senator Alan Cranston's (D., Calif.) which reflects the views of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. The Cranston bill would provide an "absolute" privilege (shielding even that information not learned in confidence), applicable in state as well as federal proceedings, to protect both sources and information.

This is the most liberal of all proposed legislation and it has behind it a growing majority of the nation's editors and publishers.

Still, the chances for passage of such a sweeping privilege seem remote. Though nobody is taking bets, the likelihood is that any final legislation (that is, legislation that would be approved by the White House) will be of a "qualified" nature applicable only to federal proceedings; a probability that raises the possibility that the press, having initiated this legislative brouhaha, may wind up with a law leaving it worse off than it was.

In an article that may prove to be hauntingly prescient, Alexander Bickel, the Yale law professor who defended the *Times* in the Pentagon Papers case, warned last November in *Commentary* that "law can never make us as secure as we are when we do not need it. Those freedoms which are neither challenged nor defined are the most secure. . . . We extend the legal reality of freedom at some cost in its limitless appearance." □

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ECONOMIC HARA-KIRI

Leaping before Looking

RICHARD B. CARROLL

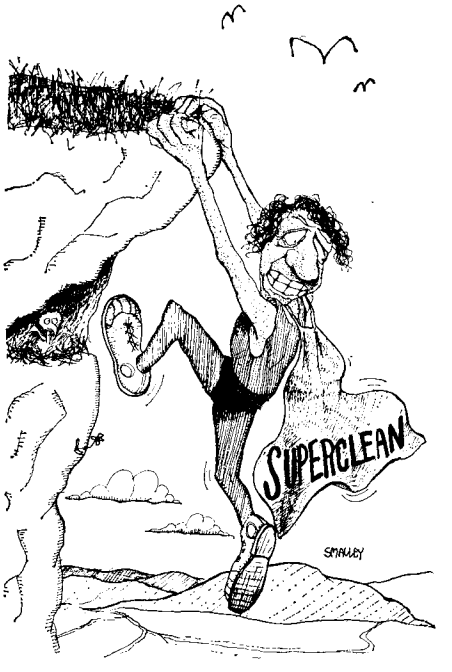
In response chiefly to the demands of environmentalists, a plethora of environmental bills has been enacted by Congress in the past two years. Often prodded by demagogues, radicals, and self-appointed elitists, legislators have adopted harsh environmental emission restrictions without sufficient regard for what should be the primary criterion, namely environmental quality, i.e., the state of our air and water. In most cases, a deaf ear has been turned to the legitimate concerns and interests of industry. The net result of such irrational legislation is the imposition of an unattainable goal: "superclean" air and water with exorbitant and nationally debilitating costs to achieve them.

Seldom, if ever, in all the information, misinformation, propaganda, and politicking on environmental questions, have the important associated issues of cost or of the developing energy crisis been considered, or explained adequately to the American people. A complex technical issue has been injected into politics, and we are leaping before looking.

It is true, of course, that there have been (and unfortunately still are) cases of wanton pollution. By its neglect of such cases, American industry has done some of the cooking of the soup that it now finds itself in. Elimination of these problems to produce a satisfactory environment judged by *prudent environmental quality standards* is, of course, required. That is not the issue.

W. D. Ruckelshaus, at that time head of the Environmental Protection Agency, has stated: "I am convinced that it is simply not true, as some say, that environmentalism is ruining our economy or posing a future threat to the progress and welfare of this nation. Such talk is nonsense." The facts indicate otherwise. The steel industry, for instance, will have to invest nearly $3.5 billion to meet proposed air and water pollution control standards—an amount almost equal to the industry's total earnings over the past five years. The report of the National Industrial Pollution Control Council (NIPCC) indicates that evidence has not established the need for guidelines as strict as those proposed. To cite another example, eight out of 14 zinc plants in the United States have shut down or announced shutdown, because they cannot comply with air emission restrictions.

These and similar developments will have an obvious economic impact on employment, balance of payments, and perhaps our standard of living. That's hardly nonsense. Environmental controls are, of course, needed in the cases just cited. The question is: How strict must those controls be? Costs rise sharply as the degree of pollutant removal increases, particularly for existing plants. It is usually not necessary to squeeze out the very last drop of pollution, at terrific cost, to achieve satisfactory environmental conditions. A case in point is the now-proven effectiveness of the tall stack as an aid in achieving satisfactory air quality. It is not necessary to require power plants to burn low-sulfur fuel or otherwise achieve low sulfur dioxide emissions in order to provide a satisfactory sulfur dioxide level in the air people breathe. Great Britain and Germany, with whose industry and workers American industry and workers must compete, consider the benefits of stack height in their air-pollution regulations. Such latitude would be helpful to American industry in decreasing some of the unduly exorbitant costs of air pollution control (including the smelter cases discussed above). Yet such legitimate technological considerations are invariably, and unwisely, discredited by our environmentalists and environmental officials.



Another instructive case is that of the automobile-emission reductions dictated by the Clean Air Act Amendments of 1970. By the 1975 model year, carbon monoxide and hydrocarbon emissions were to be reduced by at least 90 per cent compared with model year 1970. These requirements have been delayed one year but tough interim standards have been set by EPA. By 1976, the average of emissions of oxides of nitrogen must be reduced by at least 90 per cent compared with model year 1971. Air quality standards have already been established for these pollutants; however strict those standards may be, 90 per cent emission reduction is *not* required to meet them in most locations in the United States. The costs already being borne by the consumer for just a start toward meeting the required automobile emission controls are now receiving the well-deserved attention of the public. The U.S. Office of Science and Technology and some scientists have suggested the application of clean exhaust requirements only in certain heavily polluted regions. These suggestions deserve attention and study, whatever short-term political storm may be fomented by the environmentalists.

The developing fuel shortage and the consequent "energy crisis" will have a profound effect on the American standard of living. The hell-bent environmentalists, once again, are not helping matters. →

Mr. Carroll is an industrial engineer and a specialist on air-pollution problems.

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As our need for more oil and gas rises, our reserves are declining at a frightening pace. It has been estimated that by 1985, the United States will be required to import 57 per cent of its petroleum supplies, unless domestic production is increased. This situation has ominous implications insofar as our balance of payments and national security are concerned (see "The Energy Shortage," *NR*, March 2). Environmentalist-inspired delays in the construction of the Alaska pipeline cannot be tolerated any longer. Likewise roadblocks to offshore oil drilling must be removed. Offshore drilling is not ipso facto environmentally ruinous; provisions can and, of course, must be made to prevent harm to coastal waters. (Nobody wants oil spills, but during World War II, more than fifty tankers were sunk off the east coast of Florida. The beaches were covered with oil time and again, yet sea and shore life are normal today.)

Though gas and oil are dwindling, the United States has enough coal to last several hundred years at the current rate of use. Coal is in the environmental doghouse, however, from beginning to end, i.e., from strip-mining to sulfur-emission limitations. Shouldn't we allow rational development (i.e., gasification or liquefaction of coal to produce substitute natural gas) of our vast coal reserves, permitting reasonable use of the environment while preventing misuse? A recent draft report of EPA indicates that there may be a shortage of over 300 million tons of *low*-sulfur coal by 1975 because of sulfur dioxide regulations established under the Clean Air Act Amendments of 1970. As noted earlier, it is not always necessary to require power plants to burn low-sulfur coal in order to obtain satisfactorily clean air. The draft report wisely suggests modification of plans for some Midwestern states to permit use of sulfurous coals in regions that do not require low-sulfur fuel to meet air quality standards.

There are those who choose to cure environmental ills and solve the energy crisis by limiting growth. This approach has received its greatest publicity in the book, *The Limits to Growth*, sponsored by the Club of Rome. Suffice it to say, the advocates of this approach have received just comeuppance in reviews in *Foreign Affairs*; the prestigious British scientific publication, *Nature*; *New York Times Book Review*; and NATIONAL REVIEW (Professor Wilfred Beckerman, November 24, 1972).

ALONG somewhat the same lines, Marxists, neo-Marxists, and Romantics blame technology for environmental ills and the fuel shortage. One of their favorite myths is that manufacture of plastics, paints, man-made fibers, and such from petroleum uses up vast quantities of fuel, thereby exacerbating the energy crisis. That proposition is just not true: Excluding carbon black, only about 5 per cent of fuel consumed goes into such products. As a matter of fact continued development and application of technology are necessary to solve energy and environmental problems.

Without limiting desirable growth, we do need to conserve energy. As one example, mass transportation is vitally needed to conserve fuel as well as to unclog streets and highways in urban areas. Transportation now uses more than half the oil burned in the United States, and about 25 per cent of our energy. Moreover, the U.S. demand for gasoline for automobiles would deplete U.S. oil reserves, except in Alaska, within six years. And even with the expansion of mass transportation, automobiles, provided with reasonable emission controls and safety devices, will remain major components in a varied transportation system.

It is later than we think. The issues of environmental cost and energy will be major ones in the coming years. New, broad, and effective policies will be needed to deal with them. The present piecemeal approach in which solution of these problems is entrusted to bureaucrats watched over by fanatics simply will not do. The cries of some demagogues, the misguided, and the misinformed, on these issues have already exacted their toll. Legislators and the public must wise up—even to the extent of repealing the harsh and debilitating portions of the environmental legislation recently enacted. □

Firing Line Guest: Venus de Milo

Mr. Buckley: My guest tonight has me quite in an ecstasy of love,
And I only pray the gods above
Will snatch me quickly hence
Should concupiscence
Get the better of my will power,
Which was never shakier than at this hour.
My strategy is to keep my eyes discreetly lowered,
And/or to look strictly horizontally forward.
In other words to stay in some chaste groove,
While rapping with our ravishing goddess from the Loove.
And, if I can only get my heart to stop pounding,
I will begin the discussion by sounding
Out Her Divinity on a subject she clearly knows something about:
The tendency of people these days to let it, er, all hang out.
Venus de Milo: You mean like over at the *Cosmopolitan* Kennels,
With Burt Rennels?
Mr. Buckley: Exactly. It might be said you set the precedent long ago.
Venus de Milo: Yes, I know.
I like your tact.
Mr. Buckley: I'm not complaining, mind, just noting a delightful fact.
Venus de Milo: The *fact* is, Mr. Buckley I never *planned* it this way,
But got caught with my, er, modesty down, you might say;
And, well, what could a lady in my predicament do
Without glue?
Mr. Buckley: I see what you mean. [*Blushing.*] That is to say, I *know* what you mean: an ample toga, an Attic gust and there you were in all your . . . disarming loveliness.
Venus de Milo: A shade different, you will agree, from dropping your dress
For sport. Or for shock. Or for the drachma. Do I make sense?
Mr. Buckley: Eminently. And all I can murmur before I swoon is (using the language of your lucky curators): "*Vive la différence!*"

—JOHANNES EFF

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BEYOND VIETNAM

The Amnesiacs

DANIEL OLIVER

THE WAR in Vietnam unwinds. But the protestors, lest they too be separated from action, have a new course by which to continue to remind the United States of its continuing turpitude: amnesty. Indignant at the U.S. success—such as it is—they now demand, urgently, total amnesty, a cause doubly satisfying because it is not likely to be achieved soon, if ever, and because it is opposed by Nixon.

The word "amnesty" comes, of course, from the Greek and means, notwithstanding the Colonels' regime, "forgetting." The Right, to speak in general terms, opposes the forgetting and the Left, preferring to argue the morality of the war, denies that there is anything that needs to be forgotten. Or calls for mercy without punishment, forgiveness without repentance.

Draft-dodgers and deserters are people who have broken the law and those who would excuse them by proclaiming amnesty have the burden of proving why. It is sufficient, essentially, for those opposing amnesty to rely on traditional grounds for punishment: discouraging others from committing the same or similar offenses; discouraging the particular offenders from committing the same or similar acts; and satisfying the collective opinion of the law-abiding populace that justice has been done. Yes, yes, virtue may be its own reward; but we like, nevertheless, to believe, say, on April 15 that others have paid their taxes too; and that if they have not the IRS will in due course be asking why. That is, in part, our sense of justice operating; in part it is a sense of selfishness.

What are the arguments in favor of amnesty? Representative Edward I. Koch (D., N.Y.) says we should consider how we are to bring home the seventy-odd thousand draft resisters living abroad and that "to bar effectively their return would be to compound the tragedy of Vietnam."

First, the high number generally given of dodgers and deserters living abroad has recently been called into question in a *New York Times* Op Ed page article by Patrick J. Buchanan who suggests as more accurate the figures seven thousand to ten thousand deserters and dodgers living in Canada and under a hundred in Sweden. Second, their return is not now barred. Those who choose to return can come back now and pay their penalties. And it should be noted that not all, according to reports, want to return. Some, maintaining that it is not they who have done the injuring, will not accept the terms Mr. Koch proposes. Their position is that America should not be saying "Thy sins be forgiven," but rather "Forgive us our trespasses."

BUT, the argument in favor of amnesty continues, the draft resisters acted out of deep and conscientious objections to our country's actions and should therefore be excused. Why? If the laws were as bad as they say they were, surely the place for such men of conscience as they hold themselves out to be was in jail. If the winding down of the war was in any measure in response to the protestations of such men of conscience, would not the war have been wound down that much sooner, if, instead of only five hundred draft resisters going to jail, ten thousand had filled our jails with their righteousness?

It is not the willingness of the man of conscience to break the law that impresses, but rather his willingness to pay the penalty for breaking the law. At a public draft-card burning ceremony, I burn my card; you, the people, prosecute; I defend by pointing out that the card I actually burned was my honorary Dick Tracy Crimestoppers Club card. Are you impressed, other than with the ability of my $100,000-a-year lawyer?

The draft resisters who fled their country fled their own cause as well and deserve neither our praise nor our sympathy. Where would Martin Luther King be today if he had fled to Canada? Answer: In Canada, alive, well, and unknown.

Senator Robert A. Taft Jr. (R., Ohio) says "many of the seventy thousand draft resisters are the victims of bad judgment or poor advice." See how he mocks them? Watch him rob them of the very nobility others claim entitles them to amnesty. Their actions are irresponsible; their counsel is poor, their judgment bad, he says; back to the nursery with them; report them to student government: but don't, don't, whatever you do, take them seriously. They were, many of them, after all only 18 years old and we do make allowances, do we not, for offenses committed by juveniles?

We do. Or rather, we did. But now it is the sentiment of this country that the 18-year-olds are not the victims of bad judgment or poor advice. Now they are presumed to be competent, competent enough anyway to be given the franchise, competent enough to vote for Mr. Koch and Senator McGovern, and against President Nixon. The majority of the draft resisters, it appears, are college educated; the uncollege educated served in Vietnam. Is Senator Taft's point that the young people who go to college are the ones with poor judgment?

The argument from history? The facts have been compiled by John C. Etridge of the Congressional Research Service of the Library of Congress and were printed in the *Congressional Record* for March 6, 1972. Mr. Etridge himself says in his conclusion:

> Thus, it is apparent that during this century pardon and amnesty have not come quickly for persons guilty of desertion or draft evasion during periods of military hostilities, and those receiving amnesty have been select groups representing only a small proportion of the total number of offenders. At no time, however, did the number of offenders approach the total number thought to be involved today. An amnesty on this scale would be unique in twentieth-century American history.

Senator James Buckley's (C.-R., N.Y.) answer to the amnesty question is exactly the correct one: Those who fled should "submit themselves to the

(*Continues on page 594*)

Mr. Oliver, a former NR *staffer, is with the law firm of Alexander and Green.*

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FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

An Appreciation and an Appraisal

ROBERT MOSES

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED has recently come in for well-deserved tributes on the anniversary of his death. It is no doubt tempting Providence for a subsequent park official to offer an appraisal: Self-anointed custodians of a great reputation resent anyone who appears to denigrate their hero. It seems like laying an impious hand on the Ark of the Covenant or challenging Babe Ruth's place in the Baseball Hall of Fame. But there is a big difference between a respectful following and a cult. If we hope to solve current urban and suburban recreation problems in any metropolis we must depart, however reluctantly, from the authorities of the last century.

Olmsted was never really at home in the highways and byways, the post-Civil War tenements and rundown waterfronts of cities like New York. He had a short radius. He was not a master planner like Baron Haussmann, his contemporary who rebuilt Paris.

Haussmann stepped on too many arthritic toes and hit too many sensitive nerves, and in the crunch, the Emperor simply did not back his man. (When you come to think of it, the big planners almost always lose their jobs. Major L'Enfant, who laid out Washington, was summarily fired by President George Washington himself because he demolished the new manor house of one of Washington's close personal friends as an incident in the construction of the Capitol.)

If the truth be told, Olmsted was not even the author of Central Park. As usually happens, the leader was someone quite different, in this case a leading citizen, an anti-Tammany reformer, the same man who in the 1890s conceived of the consolidated, unified Greater New York, Andrew Green. At the instigation of Green, Olmsted and his partner Vaux entered a competition in 1858 to design Central Park. They won the prize but the actual builder was Green, who served as Comptroller of the park from 1859 to 1869. Among all the heads, horns, hoofs, and hides in Central Park you will look in vain for an impressive memorial to Green. He is the forgotten man.

Compare Olmsted to Haussmann. Olmsted was a gentle man, Haussmann a rough customer whose methods were not so much illegal as lawless. He recognized no line between what he could get away with and what is intolerable. Without Olmsted, there would still have been a Central Park designed by Vaux or somebody else. If there had been no Haussmann, there would have been no modern Paris.

Wiping out ancient rabbit warrens, rat runs, and rookeries, building belt and circumferential parkways and chains of parks, paving the way for splendid monuments, opening up the medieval Paris—these were the tough, irrepressible old Baron's objectives. Olmsted never dreamt of anything like it. He was a fine landscape gardener and artist, not a great urbanist.

OLMSTED did not comprehend the metropolis, or the hiatus between city and suburb. The *rus in urbe*, country in town, theory he followed is sanctified by tradition coming straight down from Horace and the Romans, but it is no substitute for understanding of population growth, decent housing, political exploitation of immigrants, grinding poverty, crime in the streets, belated mass transportation, appalling contrasts between rich and poor and other unpleasant realities. As Park Commissioner of New York City for 27 years and head of the New York State park system for 37, I inherited a very different metropolis than Olmsted could have anticipated before the Civil War. Few people reflect on the inevitable changes in park planning and management we had to make. Planting occasional lovely little oases in dung heaps and roses in Japanese gardens was no viable formula for those of us who came along in New York after Olmsted. The familiar nineteenth-century beehive pattern of endless identical, overcrowded, rectangular blocks intersected by fifty-foot streets, which began in Manhattan and spread like a prairie fire through the other boroughs, only mildly concerned Olmsted. His followers accepted philosophically the assumption that big, rapidly growing American cities have to be inhuman and unnatural, and so the engineers caught the landscapers in bathing and ran off with their clothes.

Olmsted was at heart a congenial historian and antiquarian hostile to change, subdivision, development, and exploitation. He lived happily on a farm on Staten Island for six years and made some imaginative plans there. He had great affection for preservation of the past but only a remote concept of an integrated future. Here was a lovely virgin island with meadows and farms below the hills, between two states, accessible only by ferry, full of landmarks to be preserved, stubbornly clinging to its isolation. Scows bringing untreated ashes and garbage from the Bronx to his island would have horrified him. Later we converted such dumps into parks—for example, Great Kills and Fresh Kills on Staten Island and Orchard Beach in the Bronx.

On Staten Island Olmsted made some tentative sketches for the future and let it go at that. Such artists may well have rendered a great service by stopping the clock and postponing the future, but that did not help those of us who had to face it. On Staten Island you have to stop thinking small when you begin building the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Olmsted is hardly the man to go to for solutions to today's problems. He was, for instance, horrified to think of New York as a polyglot city full of peasants from abroad and their first-generation children, exiles not even of Anglo-Saxon stock.

Olmsted favored Jefferson's concept of rural agricultural life as the national economic basis of industrialism, and should anyone think Olmsted is no longer an "influence," this is the gospel of Olmsted according to Lewis Mumford. (Mumford, like Saul, was among the prophets, but I never found him in

Mr. Moses designed New York's parkway system.

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the front ranks of any battle but one of wits.) Not too long ago Mumford, on receiving a citation as our greatest planner and surveyor of the culture of cities, announced that he had finally given up urban and suburban America as hopeless. In effect he said, "New York is a great town, but I've had it."

Olmsted was indeed a splendid landscaper. He sought to plant a remote bosky dell in the middle of a huge city when in fact he was only making a Japanese garden surrounded by tall elevator buildings. At sundown patinas of bright gold blaze from thousands of surrounding windows. Scrub ladies are on their knees in apparently empty, brilliantly lighted cages. The lights last until the scrubwomen have gone home. Then there is darkness, danger, and nobody watching the watchmen. Olmsted, who had to depend on the aristocratic element for support, feared the coarseness, rudeness, and brutality of the rank and file.

SHELTER WAS not a major concern of Olmsted, nor were compression and metropolitan spread his cup of tea. In the La Guardia days, we conned Metropolitan Life into building low-rental housing. We fixed minimum rentals at $14 a room at Riverton in Harlem and $17 at Stuyvesant Town. Such arithmetic is unbelievable today, with costs two and three times as high, life insurance companies quitting as landlords, and cooperatives shying away. Of course Olmsted could not have anticipated such eventualities, but he did not even think in terms of growth. He put gardens and lovely gems of recreation in a few conspicuous places, but the concept of a consolidated city, with one continuous waterfront and spans of bridges and parkways leading to suburban dormitories beyond, escaped him. He didn't like funny-faced, polyglot immigrants crowding out the native stock.

No one could have fully anticipated the impact of the automobile, but there were engines before Olmsted. He recognized the consequent problems but largely ignored them because he didn't know what to do about them. After Olmsted some of us began, foot by foot, to reclaim our entire wasted waterfront in New York and forced the concept of a unified park and parkway system running out into the suburbs and upstate. I saw little of Olmsted's footprints in those sands and wastes.

Upstate Olmsted did much for the Niagara area. He saved the Falls scenery on our side, but the Canadians did better on theirs. They had a concept of an integrated park, parkway, and power system under public auspices from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario that escaped Olmsted. We followed too late in the New York metropolis to attain anything like the same triumph of conservation, but who can say that the Niagara Frontier would have survived economically without the messy milling district. This is an industrial civilization and people must work to live.

Central Park was in a sense Olmsted's apotheosis, but it was no model for other urban parks. The rescue and beautification of a filthy dump destined for conventional brownstones and tenements on 80 per cent coverage was a great achievement. This was at the time a waste, full of stinking potholes, a resort of goats, squatters, riffraff, and garbage. Olmsted had the brahmin obsession of divine inspiration. His successors in New York paid him every tribute of respect short of idolatry, but we could not live on generous encomiums. We had to deal with realities. The Taj Mahal does not serve the needs of the homeless ragamuffins in the streets of Calcutta.

I have a framed Central Park cartoon in my home, done by Hirschfeld at his very best, which appeared in the *New York Times* some years ago. It shows the extraordinary variety of people who pursue recreation in this park on a Sunday. The pressure on every brick walk and blade of grass is beyond belief. No wonder we need more topsoil.

The critics have been generous to Mr. Olmsted and his firm, and rightly so, but they have often been careless of facts. For example, Emily Genauer, the critic and columnist who deifies those she likes and gives the others the back of her hand, says flatly that Olmsted was responsible for Riverside Park on the west side of Manhattan. He was not. He made a timid start on a drive and left the miserable tracks and the waterfront untouched. Our plan was adopted in 1936, 75 years after Olmsted. Years ago there was a popular comedy called *The Little Corporal.* Francis Wilson was Napoleon. He sang, "I'm the kid that built the pyramid" and the chorus shouted, "The hell he did." And so it is with many the critics praise.

Lawrence Grant White, Stanford White's son, tried his Beaux Arts hand on Riverside Park, and early in the La Guardia administration we had to toss him out as irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. We used relief labor and seven different sources of federal, state, city, and authority funds in reclaiming this historic riverfront. Governor Lehman loaned us state grade-crossing money. I had a great aunt who lived in a cottage on the shore below Hamilton Place. We had to cross the old Central tracks and circumvent the stinking cattle cars to get to Aunt Caroline.

I never knew the senior Olmsted personally. I did become acquainted with the next generations in his firm and with his staff. They were the landscapers of the Cloisters. One of their engineers, Jack Carrillo, a brother of Leon, the famous movie actor, lived in a gate lodge there for several years. John D. Rockefeller Jr. personally passed on all plans. I represented Mayor La Guardia as City Park Commissioner. The same arrangement was made across the Hudson in the building of the Palisades Parkway leading to the fifty thousand acres of the Interstate Park. I can vouch for the fact that Mr. Rockefeller, following an unbroken family tradition, was the inspiration as well as the patron of the parkway. The Olmsteds were very minor factors along the Hudson.

WE INHERITED other priceless works of Mr. Olmsted in our metropolitan area—for example, the Bayard Cutting Arboretum at the Great River in Suffolk County. It was designed by Olmsted for a gentleman of the old school, cultivated, widely traveled, with the leisure and means to establish a private estate with a modest mansion surrounded by exotic plantings from all over the world. His widow left it to us with her blessing and a substantial endowment, and we made it a part of a hugh complex that includes all the land needed for ultimate regional recreation. Here again there was no evidence that Olmsted grasped the opportunities. He was the immensely talented landscape artist who advised the Cuttings how to plant everything that would grow in this soil. The broader concept escaped him. The Olmsted cult will of course resent such a distinction, but so it appears to those of us who followed. □

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Science and the Nixon Administration

MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

PRESIDENT NIXON made a mistake in abolishing the Office of Science and Technology. When he did so, he commented that research should concern itself with short-term goals, and ordered a drastic reduction of funds for basic research. The cutbacks come at a time when science has amply demonstrated that it is the human endeavor which can bring reason and understanding to the mysteries of nature and that technology can be used to improve the quality of life. At the same time the early achievements of science have generated a whole constellation of modern-day problems that can only be solved by science. Scientific discoveries, for example, are responsible for the increase in life expectancy. Now, science must work on the multitude of medical problems resulting from old age.

The Administration's neglect of science started early. After getting off to a brilliant start with the appointment of Lee Dubridge as Science Adviser, it soon became clear that the inner circle surrounding the President did not understand the ways of science. When Dubridge chose a director for the National Science Foundation, Nixon vetoed his choice because the man's politics weren't like his own. Dubridge resigned after struggling unsuccessfully for two years to keep science honest. Nixon's promise to the public, and to Dubridge, fully to support science and to expand research never materialized and the downward trend is becoming more apparent all the time.

Scientists v. *Admen*

After Dubridge came Edward David, a disastrous appointment. His approach to drumming up support for science was low-key and bureaucratically appropriate but utterly unconvincing to the ex-admen and real-estate lawyers at the White House. Under his reign, almost all manpower-training programs for scientists were eliminated. Because of this and other things, David's performance was unconvincing even to many scientists—all of which leads to another problem.

Science has been badly represented in this country for years, primarily because scientists themselves have been placed in key public-relations roles. Men trained in the ways of the laboratory are not versed in the ways of political persuasion. To make matters worse, the representatives of science have been a salaried part of the system they are trying to woo. It is hard for most men to be forceful when their existence depends on the pleasure of what amounts to their adversary.

And now science is facing Administration cutbacks precisely because scientists haven't told their story well, which, in brief, is this. Society is lucky if it gets a 1 per cent return on its money in terms of real, significant advances in basic knowledge. The cost of the research project that hits on a big finding represents only a fraction of the total science dollar, but that 1 per cent frequently revolutionizes our way of life: antibiotics, transistors, lasers, psychiatric drugs, surgical procedures—the list is endless. The discovery the public hears about is always derived from a vast collection of scientific knowledge. When a private-industry scientist makes a discovery, he has used the knowledge put together by thousands of scientists, most of whom were supported by public funds. The whole system interacts in a complex way and the standard procedures of cost accounting and free enterprise are not widely applicable.

Moreover, the vast majority of major scientific discoveries weren't made in a climate of "all research must be relevant"—that it must be for the short-term good. Unrestricted exploration of nature is the only way to maximize productivity; frequently, a finding of apparently only theoretical importance turns into highly useful information.

Why is President Nixon going along with the demand for relevance in research and encouraging the central distribution of funds? He must realize the result is a not-so-subtle thought control of the type used in the Soviet Union—where science is completely under the direction and control of the political system. With centralization of science funding and management, the system soon becomes a research mill for the viewpoints of a few—who are usually incorrect. Lysenkoism could only have developed in Russia. Indeed, because of the stifling government-controlled climate very little pure science has come from the Soviet Union in years. Sputnik was a technological achievement the development of which depended on known quantities. Original thinking isn't done in Russia, especially in the areas of social science, where public discussions of alternative social systems might get embarrassing.

Just like the Russians

Oddly, the American system has been evolving toward the Russian model for years and Nixon has now finished the job. Prior to the Sputnik era scientific support came from a variety of government and private sources, and as a result decisions at any one agency wagged the system very little. Now, almost all funding comes under the central administration of two government agencies; their control is profound. With these latest cuts in government funds there is little chance private sources will return and take up the slack. Science has grown infinitely more complex and expensive since they were last involved; they couldn't possibly begin to fill the need. In addition, what funds they do have are now spent on more "socially relevant" projects. This is the policy of the Ford Foundation, the nation's largest foundation.

Science is too big, too important, and too expensive in initial costs to be supported without government help. And the government should go back to its early system of having a variety of agencies involved in the enterprise in order to minimize political control. If America wants to continue to grow and to improve its quality of life, it must realize science is a good friend. □

Mr. Gazzaniga, a graduate of Dartmouth, is a professor of psychology at NYU.

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The Samizdat

FROM such good listening posts as Vienna and West Berlin, it is possible to get a fair picture of the opposition forces active in the Soviet Union. In either city one can occasionally obtain copies of literature from *samizdat* (short for *samo-izdatelstvo*, which means "self-publishing company"). Of course, such a company does not actually exist, but there are anonymous publishers, anonymous printers—or, rather, copyists who work with typewriters, carbons, stencils, and, in some cases, with tape recorders—all the dangerous and relentless enemies of the Soviets. Equivalents of *samizdat* exist also among non-Russians, especially in the Ukraine and in Georgia, and among the Balts.

Samizdat encompasses whatever opposes the regime and covers all sorts of currents—liberal-democratic, Christian, conservative, neo-Marxist, and nationalist, among others. It publishes Russian novels that cannot be printed in Russia (the newer books by Solzhenitsyn, Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, etc.), translations from foreign languages (Kafka, Joyce, Samuel Beckett), philosophical works of older vintage (Berdyayev, Leontyev, Solovyov), and, of course, poetry new and old (Mandelstam, Yesenin, Akhmatova, Tsvetayeva), as well as fairly recent political works like an essay by the Soviet economist Eugene Varga (who died in 1964), in which he foretold a dire future for the Soviet Union. On tape one can get the sad, desperate songs of Mulat Okuchava and the more aggressive ones by Aleksandr Galich, all accompanied by the balalaika.

Samizdat is not an entirely new phenomenon on the Soviet scene. It began to take shape when the hopes for a real thaw had been dashed. On July 28, 1958 (two years after Khrushchev's "secret speech") a monument to the poet Mayakovsky, an early Communist who, in 1930, committed suicide partly for personal, partly for political reasons, was unveiled in the heart of Moscow. On this occasion a number of budding poets spontaneously recited their poetry. They subsequently held regular meetings until 1961, when a squad of fanatics, recruited from the Komsomol (the Communist youth organization), broke up a gathering. The militia at first watched in silence, then cooperated with the invaders. The poet Anatoliy Shukin, who especially aroused the ire of the young gangsters, was arrested and given two weeks in jail for "disturbing the public order."

The raid was the signal for further repressions. *Novy Mir*, the courageous monthly then edited by Aleksandr Tvardovsky, ceased to publish nonconformist novels and poetry. Solzhenitsyn, whose *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* had created such a stir, was silenced. (All his later books appeared in *samizdat* or abroad.) *Novy Mir* became tamer and tamer; Tvardovsky had to give up his post (he died in late 1971). Literature was completely driven underground; by 1964 *samizdat* was in full swing. And then the harvest of martyrs began. Men and women were arrested either for having written articles—names like Amalrik, Daniel, Sinyavsky, Galanskov, Bukovsky, and Yakir come to mind—or simply for having retyped and distributed forbidden texts.

PARTICULARLY hated by the KGB is the *Chronicle of Current Events*, a *samizdat* journal which mysteriously appears roughly every second month. The 28th issue has just been published. Efforts were made to destroy it by arresting and condemning people near its elusive source, but even if the entire "editorial committee" were to land in a camp, one can be certain that somebody would pick up the pieces and continue, as a Russian who fled to the West and now lives in Vienna told me.

The *Chronicle* notes arrests, condemnations, threats, temporary detentions, and transfers to the "mental hospitals" where political nonconformists are "given the needle." "Agents" of the *Chronicle* try to attend trials in order to report the defense speeches of the condemned. The memorandum signed in 1970 by Sakharov, Medvedev, and Turchin was printed in full.

As for other recurrent *samizdat* publications, one ought to mention *Iskhod* (Exodus), a Jewish periodical; *Politicheskiy Dnyevnik* (Political Journal); *Vyeche* (Meeting), which represents a Slavophile, rightist viewpoint; and *Seyatel* (The Sower), which is difficult to classify (in it one finds, for example, a letter from one Levitin, a Christian who writes with admiration about Vladimir Bukovsky, the atheist who heroically resisted the Soviet regime).

What is one to think of another *samizdat* publication, *Slovo Natsii* (The Word of the Nation)? Some *samizdat* papers maintain that it is hardly molested by the KGB because it is so "scandalously reactionary"; indeed, it keeps to a line recalling the *chernosotentsi*, the wicked "Black Squadrons" of prerevolutionary days. In other words, it represents a very "conservative," Great Russian point of view. It claims that the Russia of tomorrow must retain all the conquests made by the Soviets, that the various ethnic minorities must be Russianized, that the Jews must be suppressed, and the Greek Orthodox Church made absolutely supreme. In matters of foreign policy it maintains that the United States and Russia should divide the world between them, cooperating closely and keeping China well under control.

Does such a viewpoint really exist in Russia? I have not seen a copy of *Slovo Natsii*, but I can imagine that it represents an outlook I have come across in the USSR. (Unforgettable to me is the furious remark of a Russian anti-Communist made several years ago, to the effect that "Khrushchev is selling us out to the Americans.") Is the KGB's leniency toward *Slovo Natsii* perhaps a straw in the wind indicating a direction favored by the Kremlin?

Whatever the case may be, the external conformity of the Soviet Union should no longer fool us. Its tremendous armaments ought to make us ponder. Sensing the growing revolt around them the men in the Kremlin may well conclude that only a "great patriotic war" can recreate "national unity"—an exceedingly dangerous idea for all concerned. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Bunraku

I've got a Hitachi tape recorder. It works just fine. I dubbed a Godzilla movie once ("Monster coming, free to the mountains!"). Now and then I meditate on one hand clapping. Hell, I'm no redneck snob Westerner. But the Bunraku Theatre of Japan . . . As Boswell once said to Johnson, after he had seen a puppet leaping over sticks, "I can do that, too." Sure enough, he could. And better. I suspect—and I have to admire my own temerity in saying it, such things are simply not said, ever—I suspect this show is on the road because that's where the culture suckers are. Bunraku isn't exactly an SRO event in Japan; the government has had to subsidize it since 1963. Well, we send our broken-winded shortstops to the Yokohama Giants. That's fair. Maybe. I never did see a puppet that could make the double play.

One puppeteer for the head and right arm; one for the left arm; one for the feet. A Mafia judge isn't manipulated as thoroughly. The three puppeteers per figure are in plain view, hooded, black, like negatives of a Ku Klux Klan convention. This is distracting, cumbersome, and eerie in equal parts. The puppets are more compliant than Barbie dolls and ten times as big: Eyebrows go up, eyeballs jerk left and right, hands snap shut. So lifelike they appear superartificial. Disney's audioanimatronic figures offer the same paradox. They may be capable of seven thousand computerized motions, but one shrug of a human ball-and-socket joint—subtle, inimitable—discomfits them. Man is the only creature that can stand contrapposto; homo slouch. The playbill says that stylization, not realism, pertains in Bunraku. I have doubts. The dramas are packed with gimmickry: sword fights; skulls lopped neatly in half; tree climbings; complicated pouring and emptyings. The audience, earmuffed by consecutive translation headsets, reacted noticeably just once. When a puppet hacked off lengths of bamboo. It seemed real.

Also, I get cranky when an art form, foreign or domestic, justifies itself with claims of great expertise and obscure aesthetics. "Their difficulty is such that it takes five years at least for a man to move a puppet's feet." Let's say six months, anyway. At contract time the TWU tries to tell me you need a PhD to run the seven o'clock local out of Flushing. Mystique builds job morale. There can't be more than three dozen openings for Bunraku manipulators in the whole wide world; reason enough to keep a closed shop. But the puppet, I am advised, is nothing, a mere bagatelle. "The narrator, who is the prime force, accompanied by the samisen player, together with the puppeteers combining strengths, all produce a cooperative musical art." Oh. If you don't like the puppets, they'll get you with the samisen music. Critical faculties, especially hesitant, apologetic American critical faculties, are distanced and defused. Bullfight aficionados and rugby fans use this strategy all the time.

Now, for your information, samisen music ranks with kazoo music as the most vapid, least appealing collection of sounds that the human ear can tolerate without a major dysfunction. I rather enjoy Oriental music, but the samisen—which has only three strings and resembles a thyroid banjo—is played penuriously, note by note, like some Japanese water treatment. Once in a while, for effect, the samisen player will whack at the sound box with his pick, big as an inflamed pig's trotter. Or maybe he misses the strings, you can't tell by me. Samisen music may also suggest rain and wind when needed; the play I saw occurred during a fair spell so I lost out on the meteorology. It's a recitativo accompaniment; I imagine it also offers sound cuing to the puppeteers. The samisen does not distinguish itself; it irritates. But, again, what's hard is good. "Great manual dexterity is required to obtain a variety of subtle effects, and the school of samisen playing is very elaborate and difficult to master." Difficult, I'm sure. Necessary, I'm not so sure.

The narration is more repaying. The *joruri* reciter howls and guffaws, spronging his vocal cords. Japanese seems all onomatopoeia, a steel band without shock absorbers. It beats the puppetry hollow. The reciter acts each role and does a play-by-play in between. He chants the words, distorting them, unravelling them. This is particularly useful because the Bunraku dramas, written mostly by Chikamatsu Monzaemon (1653-1725), are full-blown mediocrities, somewhat below the level of third-rate Beaumont and Fletcher. I give you an example from *The Exploits of the Tycoon*. Mitsuhide, a sort of kamikaze Hamlet, stabs through the bamboo arras and skewers his mother by mistake. At the critical instant we get this heightened and sublime exchange of dialogue:

MITSUHIDE: Good heavens! Did I wound my mother? How mortifying!

MISAO (his wife): Oh, mother. What a pity!

NARRATOR: Holding the spearhead in her hand, she is strong-hearted enough to stir it in her abdomen to add to her agony.

MISAO: Listen, Mitsuhide. If you reconsidered, as I advised, at the beginning of this battle you would not have met with this disaster. What's the matter with you, killing your own mother, though unwittingly?

NARRATOR: At this moment the sound of war drums and cymbals is heard. Jujiro staggers back with several wounds in his body. Using his sword as a stick, he enters the garden and heaves a deep sigh.

JUJIRO: Is my father in?

That loses just about everything in translation. Worse yet, you have to

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figure this is one of Chikamatsu's best efforts: The Stratford Festival wouldn't tour Japan with *Henry VI, Part One* or *Titus Andronicus*. Bunraku is a stagnant art: There is hardly a modern work in the repertory. From 1909 on, the Shochiku Theatrical Company maintained one puppet theater "in spite of the fact that attendance dwindled. To save the classical art from possible extinction . . . a semigovernmental organ called the Bunraku Association was formed." And Bunraku went after the international culture rubes.

There was good attendance at the City Center: After all Bunraku is odd and traditional and ethnic and Eastern. By those standards Sol Hurok could send a Dodge City medicine show or a square-dance hoedown to Tokyo. Or maybe a quilting bee. I'll write the program notes. "Quilting is an elaborate and difficult art. The chief quilter, called the Granny, is trained from age five or six and devotes her entire life to quilting. There are over seven hundred varieties of stitch; each requires manual dexterity. Colorful patchwork represents the American Middle West, with its neat corn and wheat fields. The North Topeka Quilting Bee Repertory Company is generally considered to be the finest exponent of this traditional art."

So much for Bunraku. I preferred Pearl Harbor. □

MUSIC

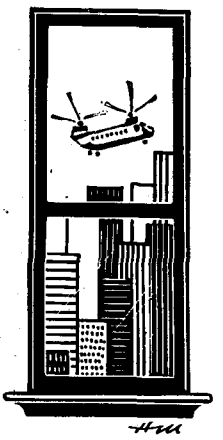
WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

A Record, a Recital, a Recorded Recital

This year Gary Graffman celebrates the 25th anniversary of his debut as a recitalist. One of the ceremonial gestures is the issue of an all-Chopin disc as played by Graffman (Columbia, M31934, *Graffman Plays Chopin*—ingenious title!). The program is of some of Chopin's finest works that somehow have escaped the chestnut bin: the Andante Spianato k.t.l., the G minor Ballade, the B-flat minor Scherzo, a couple of Preludes, a couple of Nocturnes. Graffman plays everything with sky-blue clarity and with perfect loyalty to the written notation. Forty thousand pianists can do the same. What places him among the chosen few is his ability to call on extraordinary power and expressiveness when things start popping. It's hard to tell whether some of those octaves in the left hand are his or the studio engineer's, they come crashing forward with such brazen gongs. Authoritative, straightforward, superbly vigorous and controlled playing. It stands that toughest test: You can hear it again and again without being alienated by mannerisms or disappointed in the climaxes. It's a good recording to have around—a good sound to have in your ears—when you're trying to evaluate some other pianist. If he doesn't come up to Graffman, he's second-rate. If he's better than Graffman, he must be 1) Hoffman, 2) Rachmaninoff, 3) Rubenstein, or someone in that transcendental class, someone maybe on the order of . . .

Alicia de Larrocha. I have seen her many times in recital now and studied her recordings repeatedly. No doubt, now: She is all alone, at the very top. Perhaps the finest pianist in history. Last month she did the Albeniz *Iberia* at Carnegie Hall—an achievement dared by one or two pianists every quarter-century. The hall was filled with bravos before she sat down to the piano. The rest of the afternoon went by in a flash while the little lady made perfect music. A friend of mine, who had been an unbeliever ("I don't like Spanish music"), came to me at intermission and admitted that a genius was at work. The particular thing I noted was that he praised her for her "coloristic" playing. Remarkable, because he was sitting in the worst seat in the hall for that kind of reception—first balcony, extreme left, ninety degrees away from the primary sonic travel. How does she fill every last cranny of the hall with those subtle shadings, all worked up in the midst of storms of notes, figurations, rhythmic gaieties? And she never seems to need a deep breath, never changes expression, simply sits there, calmly and very intently studying her hands, like a lady doing a bit of tatting for a favorite niece.

Something noted earlier in her audiences was apparent again during the Albeniz: The people don't sit still in their seats, but unconsciously move with the music. You see shoulders lurching and heads bobbing, and you can see some folks holding their breath. One of the commonest reactions is the head moving from side to side in total disbelief. During the second half of the program, usually, you'll see a lot of people slouched down in their seats, as if they're unwilling even to hold up their heads in the presence of such a miracle. And the little lady just sits there, lips closed, working wonders. (Until, in the encores, she smiled from ear to ear, raised her hands above the piano, and crashed into a rollicking Falla.) It was the recital of the year.



Alicia de Larrocha and her compatriot Victoria de los Angeles gave a recital of Spanish songs a year or so ago, and that evening has now been published as a recording (Angel S-36896, *Victoria de los Angeles, Alicia de Larrocha, The Concert at Hunter College*—ingenious title!). As soon as I heard that the record was issued, I wanted one, because I had got the clue that something special had happened. The clue was in the original review of the recital, in which I noticed that the reviewer mentioned that Alicia played the entire evening from memory. Now it is not uncommon for a pianist to play an immense amount of solo repertory from memory. It is not uncommon for a superbly gifted soloist to serve beautifully as an ensemble player (Serkin, Istomin, Schnabel). It is *unheard of* that a supremely gifted pianist should play, from memory, an entire evening of a subsidiary portion (the accompaniment) of a subsidiary literature (songs). When I noted that in the review, I decided that the entire event must have been the result of a most loving devotion. The recording is complete and beautiful confirmation of that guess. Here you have the most wonderful singing with the most wonderful piano-playing, and because Alicia isn't glued to the sheet music she can place her piano entirely at the disposition of the singer. The result is glorious unity even in the midst of the most intricate and capricious declarations. The record is an absolute necessity in your collec-

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tion if you have the slightest interest in Spanish music, or in the voice, or in our plump little genius from Barcelona.

Encore 1: I have it on the authority of Alicia's manager that she is going to re-record the Granados *Goyescas*. When this becomes available, hock your wedding ring and go buy it.

Encore 2: A quote from Alicia, published in the program notes for her Albeniz recital last month: "For the pianist, the peaks of Spanish music are *Iberia* and Granados' *Goyescas*. This music is completely separate from all the other piano repertory. Technically, it is very different and difficult. It is not that you have to be Spanish-born to play this music, but it is impossible if you don't acquire the special technique that is needed. This has to do with the sound and rhythm of the music, as well as the colors. One of the clues lies in the fact that both Albeniz and Falla took the guitar as their instrumental model. And this style has something to do with the same qualities that our great flamenco dancers have—it is the sense of excitement held tightly under control. There is no hysteria or flamboyance. It is crucial to keep the emotional excitement in the context of complete control. With this comes the quality of seduction, a certain arrogance or haughtiness or Spanish pride."

Go get these sounds and put them in your heart forever. □

MOVIES

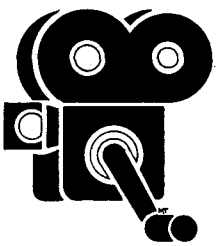
DAVID BRUDNOY

Love Is . . .

Love is good. Love is liberation. Love is unrestrained in this greatest cultural event since *The Rite of Spring* . . ., this "most powerfully erotic movie ever made," which "may turn out to be the most liberating movie ever made" (the ecstasy is Pauline Kael's, *The New Yorker*, October 28, 1972; the agony, mine). *Last Tango in Paris*, perhaps the most discussed film of the 1970s, and much of that even before it was officially released in America, has been so elevated to that heady world where hyperbole passes for criticism that one feels curmudgeonly to demur. *Tango* may be director Bernardo Bertolucci's *attempt* to proclaim love as liberation, but in realization it says instead that love is exploitation; love here is male chauvinism deservant of the accolade; love in this powerful and jolting movie is sex and that alone.

Love is a worthy subject of film, but so is sex. Confusion of the two, or the quaint assumption that the two usually come together in life, leads often to that still raging, still vaguely witless war about the meaning of "pornography." Is *Tango* porn? Is it art? No defensible objective criterion can be applied by way of answer; subjectively we can speak to the question, objectively we cannot. The strength of *Tango* is in its director's control over his material, in Marlon Brando's at times majestic portrayal of Paul, the American widower seeking a few days of sexual assuagement of his grief, in Maria Schneider's Eve-ish Jeanne, the girl Paul debases, sodomizes, employs to divorce love from sex. The film prods thought but does not, in this reviewer, inspire Kaelian raves. An aching depiction of the brutalization lurking behind at least some masculine sexuality merits commendation when, as in *Tango*, it is so stunningly well-made. But it is not, I think, an utterly honest film as its devotees insist; it bares Brando's backside but no more, while exploiting Schneider's exquisite body as in pre-"liberation" days, and it is at times revoltingly arty, movie-ish, hence inherently fake. Starring Schneider and Joe Smith, *Last Tango in Paris* would most likely have been admired but not adulated. It is ludicrous to make so much of the nudity in it just because it's Brando stripping; it's ludicrous, in fact, to make nudity the criterion of a film's worth. *Tango* is strong in emotion, mechanistic in its sex (at moments it resembles a how-to film) but infused with a fine director's sense of filmic expression.

Love is when your teeth rot and you're AC-DC and you patronize Wagner and build Schloss Neuschwanstein. *Ludwig* is worse than *The Damned* (1969), which was worse than *Death in Venice* (1971); three strikes—is Luchino Visconti out? Yet Visconti's oeuvre encompasses also *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960) and *The Leopard* (1964), less hoked up, unobsessed by that German Wickedness number that has trivialized his three most recent films. The new *Ludwig*, like the older Viscontis, is replete with gorgeous sets, costumes, people, but also, for what may be the first time in his films, with a disjointed, episodic, fragmented approach to a fascinating story: the progressive decline of "mad" Ludwig II of Bavaria. Trevor Howard as Wagner searches in vain for any Rheingold here, and as for Romy Schneider's Empress Elisabeth of Austria, she seems borrowed from another film. (Ludwig's initial enamoredness of Elisabeth seems camp at best, lust for the power at worst, but hardly "love.") Ludwig (Helmut Berger) is patron of the page-boys as he was in fact, but in Visconti's atrocious flick he is reduced almost to that alone.



Love is the pageant and sweep of History, blown entirely off course by *Lady Caroline Lamb* and her cuckolded husband Lord Melbourne (Jon Finch) and her adorable Lord Byron (Richard Chamberlain manic). Flash in Laurence Olivier as the Duke of Wellington and Ralph Richardson as good King George III to round out Robert Bolt's bloated, nervous, dipsy-doodle fabrication of Caroline's amours; even Sarah Miles cannot by dint of tooth and bright-shining eye rescue *Caroline* from that junkpile called Epics.

Love is schmaltz and longevity and philosophy on the Kahlil Gibran plane of instant enlightenment. *Lost Horizon* is so *pretty*, I'd pack my bags for Shangri-La tonight if Chou En-lai didn't have to approve the visa, but for once I could not manage to sit through the whole movie. I don't know what happens at the end, and don't care. The first 75 minutes gave all that a star-encrusted cast (Liv Ullmann, Peter Finch, Sally Kellerman, George Kennedy, Michael York, Sir John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Tibet) can to make a placebo unpalatable. Six million dollars' worth of the Nepal Hilton, tunes Sonny and Cher would reject, and dialogue out of the Uplift Hour: Love is when you take the audience for simple wits and hit the jackpot. □

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BOOKS

Portrait of a Patriot

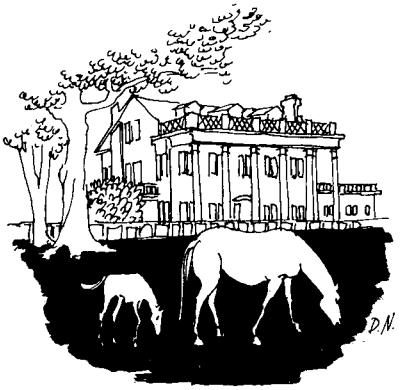
HARRY V. JAFFA

Stephen A. Douglas
By Robert W. Johannsen
Oxford, 993 pp., $19.95

Robert W. Johannsen's *Stephen A. Douglas* should take its place in the tradition of magisterial biographies—along with Freeman's *Lee* and *Washington*, Brant's *Madison*, Wiltse's *Calhoun*, and Randall's *Lincoln*—in which so much of the best writing on American history is to be found. Notwithstanding the passionate advocacy of George Fort Milton, and the measured praise of James G. Randall and his school, Douglas has hitherto remained in the giant shadow of Abraham Lincoln. Yet with the exception of the final chapter of his life, Douglas was in the foreground and Lincoln in the background of nearly all the important events that occurred during the 25 years in which they were rival politicians in Illinois. To some degree, Douglas' eclipse followed his ill fate in passing from the scene, just as the war began. What part he might have played in that tremendous drama, no one, of course, can say. Yet it almost certainly would have been a powerful one. At his death he was but 48 years old, and at the height of his career. But Lincoln became the central figure of the war years—years that have dominated our historic memories ever since—at once its principal actor and, by the majesty of his language, its principal interpreter.

Yet Douglas' domination of the immediate antebellum political scene was nearly as great as Lincoln's during the war. It is doubtful if anyone who has not occupied the presidential chair, not even Webster, Clay, or Calhoun, has played so prominent a role in such great events. The present volume, as nearly definitive as a work of its kind can well be, goes far toward restoring the perspective that these events must have presented to contemporaries.

During the joint debates of 1858 the tall and angular Lincoln was wont to compare himself to his stubby opponent by saying, "Judge Douglas is a great man, and I am only a little one." But Lincoln could also say, with less of humor and more perhaps both of melancholy and envy, that "Judge Douglas is of worldwide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be President of the United States. . . . On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. On my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out." It is difficult to divest ourselves of all recollection of the presidential Lincoln, and to see him as one on whose countenance no one envisioned the cabbages that one day would—contrary to expectations—sprout therefrom. In 1858, in every



respect but one, Lincoln did seem to be a little man in comparison with his antagonist. Indeed, Douglas' celebrity was a decisive factor in Lincoln's rise to power. Had Douglas been a senator from Indiana or Ohio, for example, it is inconceivable that Lincoln would have become President. Professor Johannsen enables us to see why this is so.

The story of Douglas' meteoric political rise is testimony to his remarkable personal qualities, and symbolic as well of the dynamism of the state and section—the new West of that day—that he represented. His easy manners and ready wit engendered quick friendships. His loyalty to popular causes, and his pugnacity in behalf of them, made him a champion others were anxious to follow. Born in Vermont and raised partly in Canandaigua, New York, Douglas arrived in Winchester, Illinois in the summer of 1832, at the age of 19, a penniless migrant, without friends or family to assist him. He established a school, worked as a clerk, and in a short time was able to hang out his lawyer's shingle. Throwing himself energetically into Democratic politics, he had by 1835 maneuvered himself into the office of State's Attorney. In the following year he was elected to the legislature. He resigned his seat, however, to become Registrar of the Springfield Land Office, a position of considerable political influence. In 1838 he ran for Congress against John T. Stuart, senior partner to Abraham Lincoln. The contest had been regarded as a hopeless one. "We have adopted it as part of our policy here, to never speak of Douglas at all," Lincoln wrote to a friend. "Isn't that the best mode of treating so small a matter?" Although Douglas lost the election, he surprised everyone by how close he came to winning it—Stuart's margin was 36 out of more than 36,000 votes cast. In 1840 Douglas was appointed Secretary of State of Illinois, another post that he promptly resigned, this time to take a seat upon the newly enlarged—or newly packed, as some would say—Supreme Court of the state. In 1842 he was narrowly defeated in a contest for the United States Senate, but was elected in the following year to the House of Representatives. He remained in the House until his elevation

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: R. J. Hernnstein elaborates on his controversial *Atlantic* article in *I.Q. in the Meritocracy* (Little, Brown, $7.95). . . . *The Politics of Lying: Government Deception, Secrecy and Power* is David Wise's newest screed (Random, $8.95). . . . Iris Murdoch's new novel, *The Black Prince*, is *not* historical (Viking, $6.95). . . . *Economy Report* editor Donald I. Rogers updates his retirement primer, *Save It, Invest It, and Retire* (Arlington, $7.95). . . . Charles Ellis gave *The Second Crash* an intriguing subtitle: *How the Stock Market Went the 1929 Route in 1970 . . . But Missed It by One Phone Call* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). . . . A. L. Rowse portrays *Shakespeare the Man* (Harper, $10).

■ PAPERBACKS: GOP-turned-Democrat Congressman Don Riegle's best-selling *O Congress* due next month from Popular Library ($1.25). . . . Nora Ephron's *Wallflower at the Orgy* includes pieces on Ayn Rand and the Birchers (Ace, June, $1.25). . . . Taylor Caldwell's *Captains and the Kings*, about a Kennedy-style dynasty, just out from Crest ($1.75). . . . Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War* comes out fat even when paperbound (Pocket, July, $2.25). . . . Delta now out with *The Collected Essays and Occasional Writings of Katherine Anne Porter* ($2.95). . . . *The Age of Madness* is a collection of essays on the abuses of psychiatry edited by *NR* contributor Thomas Szasz (Anchor, June, $2.95). . . . Just out is Wilfred Blunt's illustrated *The Dream King* about Bavaria's Ludwig II (Penguin, $4.95).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: Those who enjoy watching lawyers squirm (i.e., other lawyers as well as helpless laymen) will gobble up *Lions in the Street: The Inside Story of the Great Wall Street Law Firms* by Paul Hoffman (Saturday Review Press, $8.95). . . . Leisurely and nostalgic describe Ben Lucien Berman's *Look Down That Winding River: An Informal Profile of the Mississippi* (Taplinger, $7.95). . . . Daniel J. Boorstin essays social history with *The Americans* (Random, $10). . . . Constantine FitzGibbon's *In the Bunker* is a novel partly about Hitler's last days (Norton, $6.95).

■ JULY BOOKS: *NR* contributor Alec Waugh out with a new novel, *The Fatal Gift* (Farrar, $6.95). . . . Teddy White's quadrennial rundown, *The Making of the President 1972*, is here again, regular as leap year (Atheneum, $10). . . . Would you believe a non-Communist scheme to take over the White House back in the Thirties? Jules Archer unearths it in *The Plot To Seize the White House* (Hawthorn, $7.95). . . . *Kissinger: Portrait of a Mind* is a study of his intellectual credentials by Stephen R. Graubard (Norton, $7.95).

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to the Senate in 1848, a place for which he was twice again chosen—the second time in the great contest with Lincoln—and which he occupied until his death in 1861.

From the time he entered Congress, Douglas seemed to command the limelight. In the crisis of 1850—the greatest the nation was to face until the Civil War—Douglas played a prominent role. Although Henry Clay is credited with devising the compromise of the year, it was Douglas who devised the tactics that enabled the compromise measures to pass the Congress. Clay himself said that Douglas "more than any other individual" was responsible for their success. And Jefferson Davis, who had opposed them, declared that "if any man has a right to be proud of the success of these measures, it is the Senator from Illinois." Little wonder then that, in 1852, at the age of 39, Douglas was already a prominent candidate for his party's presidential nomination.

The lives of Lincoln and Douglas were closely linked for a generation. The debates of 1858 were no novelty to the two men. They had met in such encounters as early as 1838—during the Stuart-Douglas contest. In 1839 and 1840, in response to popular demand, they debated across the state. There are no stenographic reports of these exchanges, but we can get a fair sample of Lincoln's style from the report of his December 1839 address on the subtreasury, printed in his *Collected Works*. In this speech, as in others of the period, Lincoln's comic genius is at its rollicking best. His animadversions on Democratic subtreasurers who had absconded with public funds are hilarious. But it is notable that even then, his specific rebuttals are directed at arguments that had been set forth by Douglas. Lincoln had already discovered that Douglas, so far from being someone to ignore, was someone whose prominence could gain attention for himself. From the time of Lincoln's return to politics in 1854 until his election to the Presidency, *every* major speech he delivered was an attack upon Douglas, usually in the form of a reply to a speech Douglas had previously given. In the 1858 campaign, Lincoln began by following Douglas around the state, attending his meetings, and rising to tell the assemblages that he would address them later on. It was in part to compel Lincoln to stop "borrowing" his audiences, that Douglas agreed to the joint debates. Lincoln's Cooper Union address, February 27, 1860, his principal contribution to the fateful presidential campaign of that year, was a reply both to an earlier speech by Douglas in Columbus, Ohio and to Douglas' *Harper's* essay, on "The Dividing Line between Federal and Local Authority." The editor of the pamphlet edition of Lincoln's speech attempted to amend it, substituting at one point the word "Democrats" for "Douglas." But Lincoln corrected him, writing, "But what I am saying there is *true* of Douglas, and is not true of 'Democrats' generally; so that the proposed substitution would be a very considerable blunder." It is almost literally the case, that Lincoln rode Douglas' back to the White House.

LINCOLN'S speeches during the period 1854-1860 constitute what may be the greatest intellectual achievement of American statesmanship. They may indeed be the greatest example of forensic rhetoric that the court of public opinion has ever heard. It is doubtful if any single book—perhaps not even *The Federalist* or *Democracy in America*—reveals as much of the inner nature of the American regime as the *Political Debates* between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Yet this book can be understood only within the context within which the debates themselves were but an episode. One must understand the great struggle in which Douglas was engaged, from 1854, to persuade the nation to adopt his conception of popular sovereignty as the solution of the territorial problem, the problem upon which the ship of state—the Union—was split. At first Douglas was an object of vilification almost beyond belief by the antislavery forces, because of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise's restriction of slavery in the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. But in little more than three years—by one of history's supreme ironies—he became the very head and front of those same forces in the struggle against the Lecompton Constitution, which he regarded as a mockery of

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popular sovereignty. Yet Douglas was perfectly consistent throughout: He had said repeatedly that it was not his business, as an Illinois Senator, to decide that Kansas, or any other territory, either have or not have slavery. That was a question for each territory to decide for itself. It was for him—and the United States Government — to see to it only that the people of the territories did decide this question freely and fairly, and without force or fraud.

DOUGLAS certainly believed in popular sovereignty as he understood it. Whether it was defensible as a theory of government is, however, not the sole question. Douglas accurately perceived that the slavery question, on the national level, was simply not susceptible to political solution. There was no middle ground—either moral or logical—between those who thought slavery was right and should be extended, and those who thought it was wrong, and should be restricted. But if the partisans in the national forum could only be persuaded to agree to disagree, and to allow the decision between slavery and freedom in the territories to be made by the inhabitants of each of the territories themselves, then perhaps a national collision could be avoided. For this policy to have any chance of acceptance, Douglas of course could not appear to belong to either of the contending forces. Hence his much-repeated assertion that he cared not whether slavery was voted up or voted down. His concern was that those immediately concerned should do the voting, and that the vote be free and fairly counted. As time went on, it appeared more and more likely that the settlers in the territories, if given that fair chance, would vote to keep slavery out. Thus there seemed less reason for the Republicans, any more than the Free State Democrats, to reject Douglas' leadership. Douglas was then not simply an antagonist of Lincoln, but one who represented what many perceived as a viable alternative to what Lincoln himself stood for. No man has been more profoundly challenged to justify himself in a public forum than Lincoln was by Douglas in 1858. And no man has ever risen to greater heights in defense of a policy, and the convictions upon which that policy depended.

But this is Douglas' book, and one that helps us understand the awesome power of the Little Giant in action. It is an astounding story, particularly as we see that, even while the Lincoln-Douglas debates were in progress, Douglas was devoting as much, if not more, time and attention to the assault upon his other flank by President Buchanan and his Southern pro-slavery cohorts.

It is well to record that, when the balloting was over, and the bullets began their deadly work, the old rivals stood side by side. After the firing on Fort Sumter, and Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers, Douglas' only objection was that Lincoln should have asked for 200,000 men. Douglas at the moment probably guessed better than Lincoln the deadliness of the contest that was beginning. But Douglas fell ill soon thereafter, and died on June 3, 1861. He was in Chicago, on a trip rallying support for Lincoln's government—for the government of the man he had fought politically for a quarter of a century. As he lay mortally ill he was asked to give a message to his young sons. "Tell them," he said, "to obey the laws and support the Constition of the United States." Douglas' brilliant career thus came to a premature end, but its manner was worthy of the patriot that he was. Professor Johannsen has done us all a great service in telling his tale so well. □

Nasser: A Biography
By Jean Lacouture
Knopf, 285 pp., $10

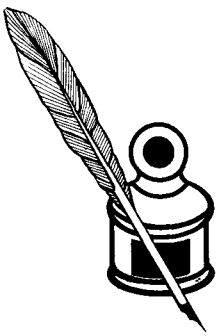
THE NASSER INDUSTRY

MILES COPELAND

If there is one thing this season's publishers' lists could do without, one would think, it is another book about the late President Nasser of Egypt. In the English language alone, there have been seven books on Nasser since his death in 1970, and fifty or so more in other languages, from Swahili to French. Besides, there have been over three hundred articles and scholarly studies and dozens of PhD theses on various aspects of Nasser's life, style of leadership, and "philosophy." There are that many listed in the reference files of the American University of Beirut, which has become a center for Nasser lore.

A young friend of mine, a Palestinian at an Arab university, writes that he has found there to be at least twenty million words written on Nasser and "Nasserism," and that he has read them all. He is doing *his* PhD thesis not about the man himself but about the literature on him. "It throws much more light on its writers and their audiences than it does on Nasser," he tells me. He also says, "Arab writers, as you would expect, either just theorize or write eulogies. But even the Westerners write a kind of Nasserist propaganda, whether they realize they are doing so or not, and I'm trying to put my finger on just why."

Kamil Chamaoun, who was President of Lebanon when Nasser's trouble-making capabilities were at their peak, had a simple theory to explain the tendency to subjectivity—or whatever it is—that grips anyone who sits down to write about "the greatest Arab leader since Selaheddin." "Nasserism is a disease," he used to say, "and it is impossible to know enough to write about it unless you have caught it."



I have an even simpler theory—one that will explain the books by Westerners, if not those by Arabs. My own book, which was as objective as I could make it, insinuated that Nasser's first concern, like that of any politician, was to keep himself in power. When Nasser read it, he promptly had me expelled from the country, and even today, Nasser's influence from the grave still being what it is, I can't get a proper visa to visit Egypt. While this is no great loss to me, similar treatment would be a serious inconvenience to any journalist who makes a living out of writing about the Middle East—for example, Robert Stephens of the *Observer* (London)—or even to a financially independent idealist such as Sir Anthony Nutting, who has a reputation as an "honorary Arab," as he calls himself, to keep up.

Stephens and Nutting have both

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written first-rate books on Nasser. But, like all the others, they held their punches; they failed to face up to the essential facts about Nasser that make him worth writing about. As they and the others well know, Nasser convinced the Egyptians that they should adopt grandiose goals that would otherwise never have occurred to them. He not only failed to reach the goals, but by the time of his death he had destroyed any reasonable chances of their being attained by his successor. All the same, he became the only genuine leader the modern Arab world has produced, and even today he is idolized by a large part of the Arab population. Any intelligent Egyptian—or Arab—knows that Nasser "won by losing," as someone has said. But intelligent Egyptians do not dare to say so. Neither will any intelligent Westerner who is not ready to cut his ties with the Arab world.

So what about Jean Lacouture, an intelligent Westerner who still has a career ahead of him in the Arab world, but is too much of an intellectual purist to withhold his true views?

According to the dustjacket of his *Nasser: A Biography*, "with the insight that has made him one of France's most celebrated journalists and the special understanding born of his personal acquaintance with Nasser, Jean Lacouture explores the fascinating life of the man who brought Egypt into the twentieth century. . . . This revealing biography chronicles . . . his [Nasser's] growing determination to root out the long-standing corruption of Farouk's monarchical government, and, finally, his stunning seizure of power and subsequent reconstitution of Egypt and the entire Arab world."

Such a blurb might lead a bookstore browser to believe that Lacouture has simply followed the example of Stephens and Nutting (whose books, incidentally, have the same title as Lacouture's—although different subtitles). But this would be a mistake. Lacouture's book is propaganda for Nasser in the way Mark Antony's funeral oration was propaganda for Brutus. Nasser was an honorable man, says Lacouture in his subtle way, but he sure screwed things up.

Lacouture doesn't make the point explicitly, of course. The facts that are so damaging to Nasser are left to speak for themselves. With the odd exception here and there, his philosophizing is confined to the background that made Nasser what he was. Fortunately, he writes brilliantly and interestingly. (His translator, Daniel Hofstadter, wisely followed the French text so literally that the English version retains the Gallic flavor.) Lacouture's *Nasser* is therefore not only just the book for anyone who thinks his education isn't complete until he knows all about Nasser, but it is "a jolly good read," as one of the British reviewers said. □

Harry Jaffa's *classic study of the Lincoln-Douglas debates,* Crisis of the House Divided, *has just been re-issued, with a new introduction, by the University of Washington Press. . . .* **Miles Copeland** *is author of* The Games Nations Play. . . . **Edward Luttwak** *is author of* Coup d'Etat, Dictionary of Modern War, *and other works. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *teaches at Indiana State University.*

Moshe Dayan: The Soldier, the Man, the Legend
By Shabtai Teveth
Houghton, 372 pp., $8.95

A SIMPLE SOLDIER

EDWARD LUTTWAK

Moshe Dayan is a true hero of our times. If extreme physical courage, his classically heroic trait, nowadays counts as no more than prima facie evidence of fascism, then his utter refusal to conform to bourgeois manners and morals certainly qualifies him as a modern hero.

In his workmanlike biography Shabtai Teveth gives us a scant page on Dayan's spectacularly unchaste private life, but Dayan's nonconformism is otherwise well-documented in numerous anecdotes: Dayan wearing sandals while a full general; Dayan throwing an orange ("catch!") at a regimental sergeant-major as the latter was raising his arm to salute at a full-dress parade; Dayan breaking speed limits and undertaking illegal archaeological forays; and so on. Characteristically, Dayan insists that his law-breaking is his own private affair since he would not claim parliamentary immunity if charged with an offense; similarly, Dayan's sexual indiscretions have never served as political ammunition for his many enemies because he so cheerfully proclaims his readiness to accept the verdict of the voters. (When one of his lady friends wrote a thinly disguised novella on their love affair, Dayan's only comment was "from now on, only with analphabets.")

As a leading practitioner of the modern school in Israeli journalism, Mr. Teveth avoids the discursive speculation of the older, *feuilleton* school; he believes in dishing up factual detail in large portions. Hence this book records more than it explains.

DAYAN's early years were hard. After starting out as a tough and effective pioneering farmer, Dayan's father became more and more absorbed in the petty politics of the Zionist movement, leaving the back-breaking farm work to his delicate and inexperienced wife. Dayan's childhood was marked by poverty and disease (he suffered from trachoma, malaria, and much else). He and his mother, Dvorah, would sit in their miserable hut reading the long letters full of flowery Zionist rhetoric that his father sent from his travels in Europe and America. Today, as he serves in Mrs. Meir's cabinet, which is still dominated by old-guard leaders of his father's generation, Dayan no doubt associates their wordy Zionism with that of his unloved father.

Like other Galilee youngsters, Dayan learned to shoot and ride as a child. By 1938, in his teens, he was already well known in the small world of the Jewish military underground, the *Haganah*, as one of its two most promising young leaders. The other was Yigal Allon, his peer and his rival, then as now. Over the next decade Dayan lapsed into obscurity, partly because of a near-fatal wound in the 1941 Allied invasion of Syria (he was a scout) that cost him an eye and almost ended his military career. In 1948, while Allon was rapidly emerging as Israel's outstanding field commander, Dayan was a second-league staff officer. His comeback began when he served as an ad hoc task-force commander and then secured appointment as the commander of a nonexistent commando

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battalion that he created by raiding established units of their best men and "organizing" any vehicles left unattended. (One Jeep had to be returned: It belonged to Arthur Koestler, then a newsman.)

With his 89th Raiding Battalion, Dayan won a series of minor tactical victories—and came to the attention of Ben Gurion, then Prime Minister and Minister of Defense. The very fact that had impeded his career until then, his membership in Ben Gurion's moderate left-wing Mapai Party (which dominated the government but which was in a minority within the elite forces of the army), was now to work to his advantage. Dayan was one of the very few successful commanders of the younger generation who belonged to Mapai; Allon and most of the brigade commanders of 1948 belonged to the rival left-wing Mapam Party. Dayan was appointed commander of the politically sensitive Jerusalem Brigade before the end of the 1948 war, and his progress thereafter was swift. By December 1953 he reached the top, Chief of Staff of the Israel Defense Forces, a post he held until 1958.

THE ARMY was in a sorry state at that time. The ablest officers of 1948 had retired (primarily for political reasons); combat units were full of debilitated and demoralized new immigrants, and the budget was very small. Leaving all staff work to others, Dayan concentrated on raising the skill and morale of the combat troops, making imaginative use of an elite paratrooper force as a morale-generating base for the army as a whole. He stripped the army of administrative and support elements, making it all "teeth" and no "tail"; he was ruthless in getting rid of managerial-type officers, and he promoted "fighters," rewarding energetic combat leadership at the expense of orderliness, discipline, and even obedience to his own orders. Although it remained for others to develop the armor and air force that were to be decisive in 1967, the army proved the wisdom of Dayan's formula in the 1956 Sinai campaign, and it still bears the imprint of his tenure.

Teveth's book is best on Dayan's early years; it deteriorates rapidly in dealing with events since 1965. The description of Dayan's full-time political career after his 1958 retirement (he was always highly political), his unhappy tenure as Agriculture Minister, his loss of office in 1956, and his return to power in the crisis of 1967 ("it took 100,000 Egyptian soldiers to get me into the cabinet") is perfunctory, and devoid of sustained analysis.

But Teveth has succeeded in conveying the interesting complexity of Dayan's character: his mixture of contempt and genuine respect for the Arabs; an utter insensitivity in personal relations that contrasts with the touching sensibility of his poetry (Dayan's poetry is not bad; his prose is superior—witness his *Diary of the Sinai Campaign*); and the contrast between Dayan's simplistic military ideas and his sophisticated political mind. Dayan is a politician, poet, predatory archaeologist, and soldier—in that order. □

O'Hara
By Finis Farr
Little, Brown, 300 pp., $8.50

IN O'HARA COUNTRY

CHARLES NICOL

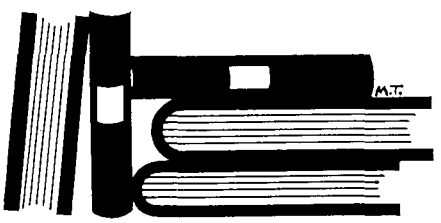
Most things good and bad conventionally said about John O'Hara are true. He created a Pennsylvania as vivid, complex, and continuous as Faulkner's Mississippi; he could write as well as his friends Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Steinbeck; he had the finest ear for spoken English of any writer of his generation—yet his fiction tended to repeat the same pattern of breakdown and destruction; and the power of his writing slowly diminished.

While he never received his just share of literary awards or critical attention, book reviews were always ample and generally admiring, and his readership remained large. Struggling with alcohol, money, love, despair in his early years, he died a settled and fairly happy wealthy abstainer.

A straight biographer who does not pretend to be a literary critic, Finis Farr carefully delineates incidents in O'Hara's life that eventually found their way into his fiction, while ransacking the fiction for relevant comments on the life. That method is dangerously circular, and self-reinforcing: It tends to confuse an author's life with his own myths about his life. It works well here, however, because Farr exercises restraint and his subject's own objectivity was notable.

If there is a mythical O'Hara, it is the cynical-sentimental wisecracking drunken reporter, the early self-portrait named James Malloy in *Butterfield 8*. But while the speakeasies of O'Hara's fiction were a real part of his life, the reporter status was partly mythical and especially revealing of his own view of his role as a writer: a recorder of the truth as it passed.

Throughout his life he believed he could, if necessary, go back to being a reporter but his record on the newspapers was hardly imposing. Soon after arriving in New York he landed a job on the *Herald Tribune*, but lost it because, as he confided in a letter, "I was drunk most of the time and was never very punctual." It had been the same story with a Pennsylvania newspaper, and it was to be repeated with most of the other newspapers in New York City. Drinking heavily, writing late at night, and usually sleeping into the



afternoon, it is less surprising that he never held a job for long than that he never had much trouble finding a new one.

The drinking was a problem until hospitalization in 1953 with a bleeding ulcer settled it for good. He had been an aggressive drunk for nearly thirty years, picking fights with strangers and viciously baiting his wife (first and second). He was not a convenient friend. He was perhaps less an alcoholic than a desperate social drinker; that he was antisocial when drunk only pinpoints the problem.

Yet however destructive the drinking was of his personal life, it hardly interfered with his writing. One friend described his typical actions after a long night's drinking as follows:

> If he was still upright when he reached the Westwood apartment, Belle would give him a bowl of cereal, and he would work until dawn. He would put his portable on a coffee table in front of a couch, get out that yellow copy paper he always used, and beat out a

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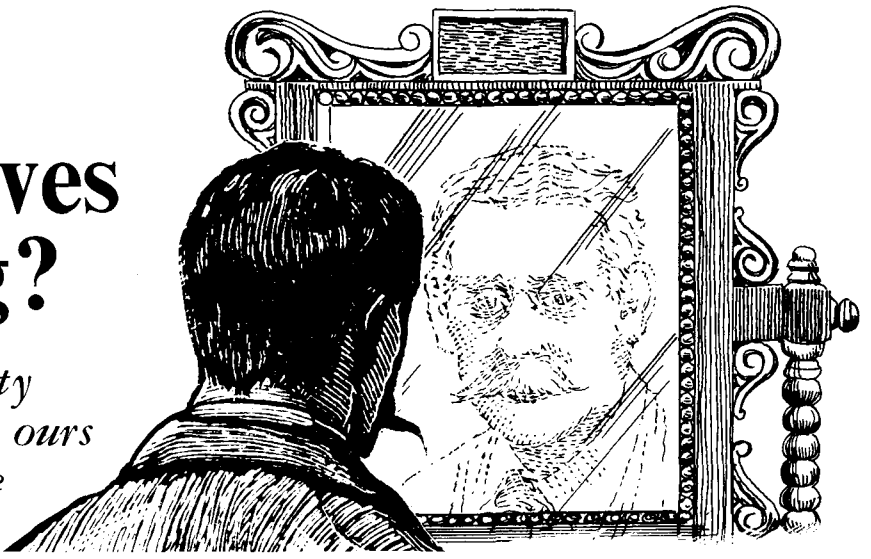
Are Conservatives Vanishing?

That's what a pretty conservative friend of ours was asking us the other day.



"Whatever happened," he said, "to all that enthusiasm, all that willingness to make the extra effort? I don't understand it."

We mumbled something about its being easier to keep conservative elan high with "one of them" in the White House; that the really white-hot conservative fire seems reserved for liberal Democrats on the national scene, and so on.

"No. I understand all that, and no doubt it explains a lot," he answered. "But what *I'm* saying is something quite different. What I want to know is why, when *so much is going your way,* you should all be so quiet. NR included."

Now he had us interested: go on, friend, *what's* going our way? *What* aren't we writing about?

"Oh you're covering it all, OK, but I should think you'd be *much* more 'bullish on conservatism' than you sound to me. Washington is crawling with young conservatives busily dismantling a big chunk of the bureaucracy; the Watergate business is hardly *your* problem, and while Nixon's foreign policy may be just about the opposite of what NR has advocated, we *would* seem to have gained a breathing spell, at least, to put our own house in order here at home.

"But more than that, compare today with Barry Goldwater's time: solid support, but no real chance (not after JFK's assassination). Too many liberals around. Now, virtually every conceivable Republican candidate — Agnew, Reagan, even Rocky, lately — is either already conservative, or is hot after your vote! Just 10 years ago it was all civil rights and peace marchers. Today it's law and order (*your* issue, *your* victory) even from liberal Democrats. Listen to John Lindsay!

"The point is, you ought to have *twice* the readership — twice the influence — you had ten years ago. Do you?"

In point of fact, we *do* have twice the readership (almost *exactly*). But our friend makes a point that wounds us where it hurts. *Do* conservatives have "twice the influence" of a decade ago? Or the enthusiasm? We doubt it, but hope that, between now and '76, the old spirit *will* return.

That's where *you* can help. Traditionally, we get our *best* new readers through the ones we already have. Your recommendation has always been our best sales pitch. So we ask you to take a minute and ponder: isn't there somebody *you* know who should be reading NR now? The '76 campaign is *already* starting, and as each month goes by, and the political wars grow hotter, *National Review* becomes more interesting and more valuable to you. It could be all that to your friends, too.

Won't you use the card facing this page to introduce someone you know to *National Review* today (before you forget)? We'd like nothing better than to double our readership *again* before '76 — and of course if each of you would get even *one* new reader, that would be easy, right?

Right. So rrriipp out the card, and give it to somebody with your recommendation (or use it yourself to send an introductory gift, whichever you prefer). We'll be most grateful, and think that your friend will be too. Many thanks.

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complete short story. Sometimes it did not go so well if he was too smashed to type decently, but I have seen one of his stories after a night of drinking without a single typographical error or any x-ing, and he would mail it off to *The New Yorker* without a correction.

Certainly this suggests that when John O'Hara put words to paper, he was not so much creating as telling what he already *knew*. Although he mulled it over for some time, once he began typing he wrote his first novel, the classic *Appointment in Samarra*, in less than four months.

About that time O'Hara wrote about his view of the novel and the short story, "My half-baked theories on these forms of literature arrive at the ultimate opinion that life goes on, and for the sake of verisimilitude and realism, you cannot positively give the impression of an ending: You must let something hang. A cheap interpretation of that would be to say that you must always leave a chance for a sequel." O'Hara's characters often reappear in his fiction, but they had a remarkable life off the page anyhow, for he converted what he saw around him into fiction, more directly than any other writer. He was a reporter, and avoided the frills.

It is a mixed blessing that O'Hara was as much a social historian as a novelist. No author observed people more sharply, or took more pains to keep his facts accurate. Yet as the time he was interested in became more remote from the present, that distance drained the power from his writing. His emotions began to be recollected in too much tranquility. The earlier work seems still to exist in the present, while his more recent novels have the smooth dullness of period portraits. In the earlier work people lived their stories; in the later work they told them.

Farr has thoroughly investigated O'Hara's life and surroundings. Especially valuable is Farr's detailed description of Pottsville, the town in Pennsylvania where O'Hara grew up, later more or less immortalized as Gibbsville in his fiction. The note on the dustjacket that Farr had known O'Hara for 35 years came as a surprise, since the author of this model biography is unobtrusive to the point of invisibility in its pages. Another fine reporter. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TROUSERED APES, *by Duncan Williams (Arlington, 169 pp., $6.95).* Playwright Eugene Ionesco has written that his only images of the world are of evanescence, brutality, vanity, rage, nothingness, hideousness, and hatred. Citing a multitude of such examples from our literature, Professor Duncan Williams argues succinctly and persuasively that the violence and animality which pervade the arts today reflect an onrushing, blood-dimmed tide of brutishness. Too effete to create, too weak to be men, too shallow to escape their "temporal provincialism," our would-be artists have embraced the egalitarianism of animality, producing "naturalistic" non-art about non-heroes. Williams contends that the amorality and purposelessness of our intellectuals results from their disbelief in God and endangers our ability to survive as a civilization. The distorting yet revealing mirror of art certainly influences culture. Wittingly or not, writers shape lives. Art has descended from aristocratic to proletarian and whereas once excellence was art's norm, today's "naturalism" has made excrescence its standard. Not only does such "naturalism" give men bad examples, it gives nature a bum rap.

D. W. COOPER

QUEEN VICTORIA, *by Cecil Woodham-Smith (Knopf, 479 pp., $10).* An experienced and diligent, though not inspired or witty, chronicler of mid-nineteenth-century British history and anecdote, Cecil Woodham-Smith gives us in her newest work a detailed portrait of the young Queen. Lytton Strachey fifty years ago attributed defects in the Queen's personality (her character had few) to the absence of close male companionship or influence in her earliest years. Today's reader will wonder that the girl's sanity at all survived her youth. The "short, vulgar-looking child" (as Greville put it) was not only fatherless but grew up amid vicious court intrigue and unseemly if regal family quarrels in a dilapidated and bug-infested palace presided over by her rather awful mother and by her mother's evil genius (some thought paramour), the ambitious and thieving Irish adventurer, Sir John Conroy. But all bad things must come to an end, and felicity finally arrived with the Queen's marriage to Albert ("so excessively handsome," she thought). If his bride adored him, the Prince had his problems: He found that his sovereign lady grew ever more nervous and cantankerous as years went by; even theirs was a marriage with painfully rough edges. Politics, fortunately, kept them both busy. Albert wished an active role for the crown, especially in foreign affairs; and a spirited contest ensued between the august couple and Palmerston. It was the throne's last move in the direction of something more than ceremonial splendor. With the Prince Consort's premature death this duel ended, as does Mrs. Woodham-Smith's volume. In her second volume she must turn, deftly no doubt, to the Victoria most of us think of now: the little old lady of Disraeli's heyday and of the Jubilees. As to the aging Queen and her Scot John Brown—we shall see, we shall see.

J. D. FUTCH

CAPTAIN BLIGH AND MR. CHRISTIAN: *The Men and the Mutiny, by Richard Hough (Dutton, 320 pp., illus., $10).* It was bound to happen in the age of "camp"—a re-examination of the mutiny on *H.M.S. Bounty* crediting the conflict between Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian to faggotry afloat. The whole thing may have sprung from a tawdry lovers' quarrel, if we are to believe Richard Hough, who sets forth this dubious proposition in an otherwise excellent recreation of one of the most dramatic naval incidents in history. Shaky though it is, Mr. Hough's theory does open up all sorts of grotesque possibilities for the scenario and casting of a third film version of the mutiny, perhaps directed by Andy Warhol. In reality, the reasons for the mutiny were much simpler. Christian was a popular but temperamentally unstable young man with an inability to stomach strong criticism. Bligh, a highly conscientious but neurotic commander, was given to severely tongue-lashing his officers, and physically lashing his crew. He was widely loathed. Christian became a rallying point for dissidents in the crew and the floating "silent majority" remained passive. The inevitable result was mutiny. Ignore Mr. Hough's analysis of the underlying causes, follow his fast-paced, well-researched narrative of the mutiny and the extraordinary events that followed it, and you should find *Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian* an enjoyable, adventurous piece of historical journalism.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

TO LAUNCH A PRESIDENT, *by Michael Ruland (Vantage, 259 pp., $6.95).* It's early 1972, flotation time for would-be Presidents, and this crowd is testing the waters with Senator (formerly General) Sven Ericksen. The cast of characters Mr. Ruland has assembled to launch his President would have trouble floating Donald Duck: a liberal columnist past his prime and his office staff, a gay photographer living with the nymphomaniac former wife of an almost-reformed New Left writer, a Trotskyist-turned-hard-anti-Communist, a very recent Czech defector who falls in love with the columnist's wife who is having an affair with the Senator. No one is overly talented or dedicated and as for discretion, it's like, man, nowhere. Mr. Ruland is obviously more interested in making some rather sophisticated political points than in writing a good novel, but perhaps because his characters are so outré, what he's come up with is high camp Allen Drury, a political divertissement.

P. L. BUCKLEY

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OLIVER

(Continued from page 579)

courts of this country" where they will find "a judicial system more compassionate and a society more compassionate than any on earth." And where they will experience justice meted out according to individual circumstances: personal exigencies requiring understanding; repentance asking forgiveness; and righteous dissent demanding a punishment that will ensure its being taken seriously.

Two other points should be mentioned. We make, traditionally, a distinction between draft-dodgers and deserters and consider the latter far more opprobrious than the former. Deserters are supposed to be shot; draft-dodgers are supposed to be—well—punished, generically similar activities with a not inconsiderable difference. But the classic connotation of "deserter" is a man who deserts (verb, transitive) his comrades, under fire, thereby decreasing, in theory, the odds for their survival. That description, however, probably fits very few of those currently classified as deserters, whose most immediate effect, like that of all draft-dodgers, is on the military's administrative machinery, which must grind its wheels and produce a substitute warm body to fill the slot of the one who fled. The boy who avoids the draft in Dubuque, Iowa and the one who deserts on the way from Fort Dix, New Jersey to Fort Ord, California commit essentially equal wrongs, notwithstanding that one has taken an oath not to desert, the alternative to taking the oath having been to dodge the draft. All of which isn't to say that their punishments must be identical—one's may be administered by the civil government, the other's by the military—but they should be of the same magnitude.

Finally, what about the timing of amnesty, assuming, as I do not, that it may be desirable? A line goes roughly: The wounds of the veterans, of the prisoners of war, of the bereaved have yet to heal; when they do we can consider amnesty. That is a dangerous line, for Americans are an impatient people, preferring to do today what is scheduled for tomorrow. Those who want amnesty will not be bought off with promises of its consideration tomorrow; and those who don't will discover that they are not even able to postpone from today the evils of tomorrow. "Talk," Winston Churchill said, "is cheap." He was wrong. □

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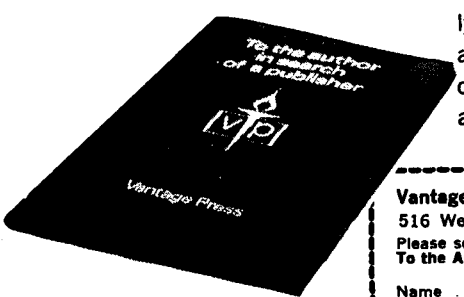

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Neglect of the First Amendment

On The Right

New York, April 29—Now hear this one, if you care for civil liberties.

Last week a press conference is called to which are invited newspapermen of course, and also television. Because the conference is of particular interest to public television, a team comes up to New York all the way from Columbia, South Carolina and sets up its camera, alongside the three cameras from the commercial stations.

Enter the gentleman who called the press conference. He is approached by the television interviewer for UPI and told that, ah, unfortunately none of the commercial television cameras can shoot under the present arrangement. Why? Because the public television team is not a member of the relevant union.

There isn't much to be done under the hectic circumstances, so UPI is asked whether it would make its footage available to the public television camera after the conference, and the answer is an obliging yes. The press conference takes place, the public TV men sitting idle, their electric cord ritually disconnected from the wall socket. Later in the day they approach UPI for the promised footage and are told that the charge—for twelve minutes of tape—will be $6,000. They gasp, and UPI grandly reduces the charge to $3,000. The hell with it, the public television people say: They don't have that kind of money.

I was the principal, as you will have guessed, and this column is one part a public act of remorse. I should have told the commercial stations to pull out their own plugs, and then faced only the public television camera with my announcement. Having an overdeveloped theatrical flair, I would under such circumstances have been tempted solemnly to announce not my plans for the future of *Firing Line* (the designated subject of the conference), but my intention to run for mayor of New York. That would have caused the gasps to come from the commercial stations which (in my fantasy) would then have begged me on bended knee to repeat the announcement for their benefit, but I'd have been the soul of obduracy. Presumably if a non-union camera had been present at Dallas on November 22, 1963, CBS, NBC, and ABC would simply have declined to photograph the final moments in the life of the President of the United States.

Here is what I miss in the literature that comes in from the civil libertarians. They are telling us—Dr. Frank Stanton has been most eloquent on the point—that television is every bit as much an instrument of press freedom as the newspaper, and that television newsmen are therefore entitled to exactly the same protection that the newspapermen are entitled to. Even so, the courts lie still while television unions deny consumers of the news the right to get that news from nonmember television crews. And in the course of maintaining that position, in effect they talk themselves into such a rigidity as I described: If the newsmaker chooses to permit the non-union team to film the event (it is his right—the press conference was called by him, after all) then the vast constituency of the commercial stations is denied the viewing of the news.

If television is no different—insofar as the First Amendment is concerned—from the newspapers, then why couldn't a newspaperman's union refuse to permit its representatives to take notes at any press conference also being covered by reporters who are not union members? Why is such effrontery tolerated in television?

As things now stand, the District Court in New York has ruled in *Buckley and Evans* v. *AFTRA* that the union cannot compel persons who appear on television for the exclusive purpose of giving their own views on public affairs to join it. AFTRA was shocked by the verdict and quickly announced that it would appeal. Professor Alexander Bickel of Yale University has accordingly been hired to take my civil liberties away from me. The arguments are being prepared and the legal confrontation will soon be held. Meanwhile Mr. Nat Hentoff, a left-winger of undiluted loyalty to the First Amendment, has urged his very important constituency to side with me and with Evans, and has attempted to persuade the American Civil Liberties Union to file a brief amicus curiae.

What is dismaying about all of this is the failure of the great journalistic organs—the *New York Times*, for instance; CBS and NBC and ABC—to fight for the First Amendment at the level at which it is most routinely trampled upon—by the unions. They rise in their wrath only when Dan Ellsberg is to be protected, or when a congressional committee desires to see the cuts that were made in "The Selling of the Pentagon." They are mute when they are themselves closed down as the result of inordinate union power achieving effects that are forbidden to the Congress by the Constitution. And—as the case of UPI shows—they are not beyond turning a profit from the situation. At least they could contribute such a profit to the National Right To Work Committee. □

IS NIXON A FOOL?

New York, May 2—At Princeton University last week Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. pronounced on Nixon and Watergate before a large audience. It is this simple, he said. If Mr. Nixon knew ahead of time about Watergate, he is a rogue and (such was the lapidary insinuation) should be impeached. If he didn't know about Watergate he proves by his mismanagement of the White Household that he is a fool and (such, again, was the insinuation), he should be—got rid of.

The formula reduces the complex situation to a dichotomy which one might expect to hear from a Rotarian fundamentalist, but which sounds strange coming from that breed of exquisite men who have spent their lives and developed their minds in Cambridge, Massachusetts the better to penetrate the higher distinctions.

On the assumption that we are driven to the second of Mr. Schlesinger's alternatives by the simple act of rejecting the first, then Mr. Nixon is a fool. But what does that make Mr. Schlesinger? Richard Nixon outwitted the Democratic Party first in 1968 and then in 1972, defeating the candidate of the Democratic Party whom Arthur Schlesinger went out of his way to anoint. In mid-summer of 1972 Mr. Schlesinger was predicting that George McGovern would win the election by a landslide. How would it have sounded, to a college audience, if one had said about Arthur Schlesinger that inasmuch as he is a trained historian and politi-

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cal observer, he was either a rogue (for flacking for McGovern even though he knew McGovern was trailing and would be defeated); or a fool, for so misreading the evidence. Surely charity would require that one meditate on alternatives, the most obvious of these being that Arthur Schlesinger was misled by his enthusiasm and loyalty for McGovern and McGovernism, even as one supposes that Nixon was misled by his enthusiasm and loyalty for Nixonites and Nixonism.

It is strange how commonly it is assumed that the man at the top is familiar with the least particular of the operation he heads. As a lowly publisher, I receive mail accusing me of invidious delinquency because someone receives his copy of NATIONAL REVIEW one week late. To be sure, Watergate was never a matter quite so detached from the proper concerns of the President, inasmuch as from the beginning one thing about Watergate was clear, namely that the operation was intended to benefit the re-election efforts of Richard Nixon.

As such it caught the attention of Mr. Nixon who proceeded a) to order an investigation and b) to brush aside with entire confidence suggestions that his own aides and confidants were involved in any way—an altogether routine profession of faith in the men he had chosen to surround himself with.

It is extraordinary that—thus far—Mr. Nixon should be thought to have behaved all that unusually. President Harry Truman was forever professing his confidence in the probity of some of the scoundrels who surrounded him. It never occurred to President Eisenhower to doubt Sherman Adams, or to Lyndon Johnson to suspect Walter Jenkins. King Lear was the last to discover the treachery of his own daughters, and Nicholas II the last man in Russia to discover that he had become unloved by his subjects.

No, it should be phrased otherwise. Loyalty and fidelity can lead to *foolish acts*. But loyalty and fidelity are not the mark of the fool. But a President ought to be qualifiedly loyal. Nixon's loyalty to John Mitchell was always, and should always have been, contingent upon a level of performance. Mitchell, after all, worked not only for Nixon but for the American people. Nixon works for the American people.

The best way to view it, pending clarifications for better or for worse, is that Nixon was lax in taking the proper initiatives. The proper initiative, in the Watergate case, would have been the appointment of an outside investigator. It was on March 20 that James McCord wrote the epochal letter to Judge Sirica advising him that there had been pressure on the Watergate defendants to keep quiet. It would have been reassuring for those who believe Mr. Nixon's moral reflexes have become flabby if he had moved the very next day to question the whitewash we are told was given to him by John Dean, his own investigator, the previous summer.

That, at the present, is the case against Nixon. The case makes him neither a rogue nor a fool, however foolish his reliance on individual aides turned out to be.

Poor Mr. Nixon suffers not only from the excessive desire of his friends to please, but from the ravenous appetite of his enemies to harm. This appetite Mr. Nixon has over the years fueled by that curdling sanctimony that is his trademark; and by that articulate impatience with the imperfect performance of others on which he built his early career. But both sides should recognize that the stakes have become altogether too high, and they should retreat, pari passu: the Nixon loyalists by admitting that he has been very foolish, the Nixon critics by admitting that—he has been very foolish. □

MEANWHILE OVER IN INDOCHINA

New York, May 10—President Nixon's State of the World message to Congress warns Hanoi that unless it begins to observe the terms of the peace treaty, the United States may be forced to renew the war in Indochina. The message moreover warns that North Vietnamese duplicity threatens the developing harmony in our relations with Peking and Moscow. And, yet again, Mr. Nixon reminds Hanoi that in the past he has taken decisive action under provocation.

Watergate is extremely interesting and as serial drama there has been nothing in years to touch it. But since everybody in sight is spending most of his time testifying before Senate committees and grand juries, I wish someone—Mr. Kissinger is of course the first choice, and failing him, the President—would testify in answer to certain questions about the peace with honor we celebrated last January.

1. What reason was there to suppose that Hanoi would keep its word? I ask the question seriously. Mr. Kissinger is a very bright hombre, and of course would never proceed on the assumption that the North Vietnamese would abide by an agreement merely because they said they would abide by an agreement. What was it that caused him to believe that the ceasefire would be observed?

2. Did we discern, in the course of the negotiations, a critical fatigue in North Vietnam which was responsible for their sudden willingness to negotiate a ceasefire? What was the nature of that fatigue? To what extent was it merely an inference? A tactical victory of the doveish inaction within the North Vietnamese politbureau? Did we rely on this fatigue? Or did we count on the invigoration, after the ceasefire, of the peace party in North Vietnam? How heavily did we bank on this factor?

3. We spent a very busy year, in 1972, ingratiating ourselves with China and Russia. The public doesn't know everything we promised China, though it is reasonable to suppose that we were "forthcoming"—that is a White House locution—about Formosa, about intelligence reports on the activities of the Soviet army on the border, about discouraging any serious move by Japan toward rearmament, about trade credits and other vulgar economic matters. We bailed Russia out of an excruciating food shortage, made major concessions in the SALT agreements, promised further arms reduction talks, and vouchsafed them Pepsi-Cola.

Now: What did China and Russia promise in return, respecting Indochina? Once again, the question is not rhetorical. One assumes that they promised *something*. What? Waging constant war in three foreign countries—South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos—is extremely expensive. In fact it is beyond the means of small countries like North Vietnam. Did China and Russia promise, subject to the discretion obviously required in such matters, to cease financing the Indochinese war? Did they promise to cease provisioning it directly? Did the White House have a reasonably accurate idea of the inventory of arms and ammunition held by Hanoi as of last January? Is it plain from observation of the traffic into Haiphong harbor what has gone in there during the past three months, and from where?

And finally, 4) What was it contemplated that we should do in case our reliance on Hanoi, and China, and Russia, should prove unwarranted? Did we communicate to Hanoi during the Paris talks exactly what we would do under certain circumstances? Did we make any arrangements that would permit South Vietnam to launch a meaningful military offensive in retaliation against the violations of the ceasefire? Or did we simultaneously withhold from Saigon such critical weapons as strategic aircraft and convey the impression that we would not ourselves use them against Hanoi given the exhaustion of the American fighting spirit?

I'm sorry, but I think there is more at stake here than the invasion, however deplorable, of the privacy of Larry O'Brien, and the subsequent cover-up. Cover-up. . . . Or is there a common denominator in the two melodramas? □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. One of the many newspapers put out of business by the powers that be — 59 2 11 41 66 121 142 170 182 220 / 36 48 96

B. Strongly attractive — 94 19 26 49 56 75 82 85 106 141 / 27

C. A city that sounds like a newspaper — 120 6 73 57 92 25 77 148 155 164 / 205

D. The house that he built is now half a century old — 125 47 83 91

E. An annual publication — 136 146 103 99 22 45 38 193

F. A newspaper in Argentina — 174 130 4 104 163 195 218 213

G. Unscramble CHIN IT YET — 179 87 143 199 7 16 126 153 118

H. The next step after abortion? — 186 39 44 78 89 162 191 208 219 10

I. An American newspaper with a Spanish name — 18 21 42 79 95 3 67 65 81 71 / 88

J. A panel for temporary display of a deceased person's coat of arms — 190 105 171 90 154 209 206 8 184

K. A town in Dubuque County, Iowa — 203 215 58 43 132 50 178

L. An American novelist (1896-) — 20 159 62 93 135 187 140 166 119 183 / 202 216 15

M. Meddlesome — 28 127 198 17 112 150 33 51 107

N. Nickname of a famous showman — 158 14 46 80 86 131 76 173 194 221 / 5

O. Freedom of choice — 13 34 40 60 68 74

P. Not confined by responsibilities — 160 35 52 189 185 147 197 165 114

Q. Connected or brought into relation with — 167 23 54 72 61 64 207 84 98 137

R. A subtle shade of meaning — 188 53 109 201 211 133

S. To expel by legal process — 222 9 29 123 115

T. A newspaper in Nebraska — 63 124 128 175 200 180 122 110 168

U. A tragedy by Ben Jonson — 97 111 156 134 30 210 217

V. A Soviet newspaper — 1 37 116 100 196 144

W. A solution to a problem — 24 204 214 176 101 117

X. Another town in Dubuque County, Iowa — 55 129 138 102 151 161

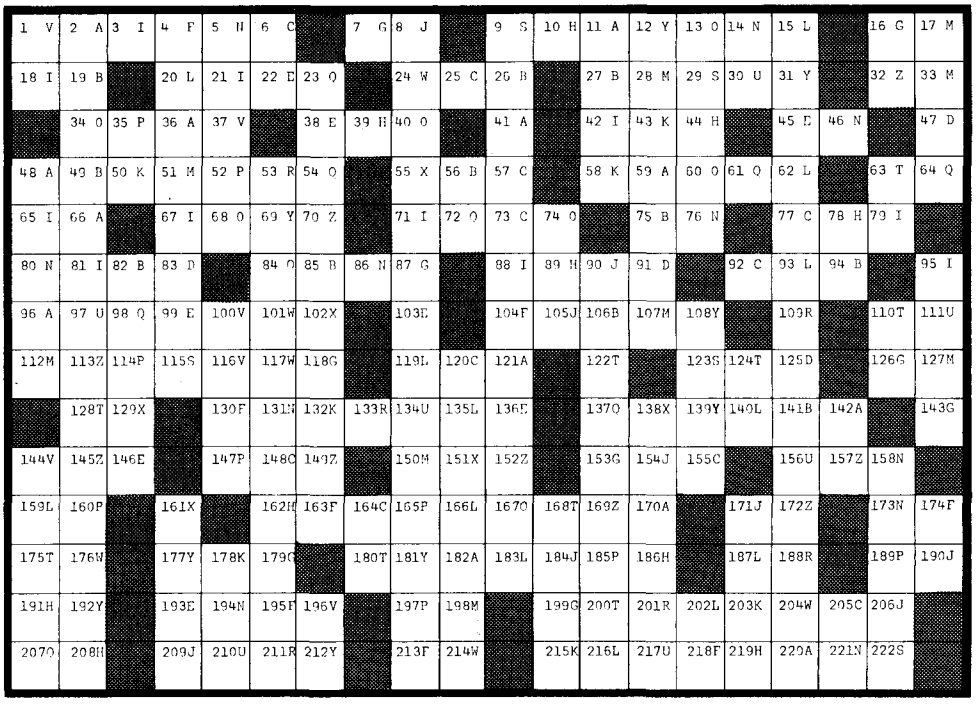
Y. One of the Psalms — 108 12 31 181 177 69 139 192 212

Z. Ulysses S. Grant's third cousin once removed — 113 157 172 152 149 145 169 70 32

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 596 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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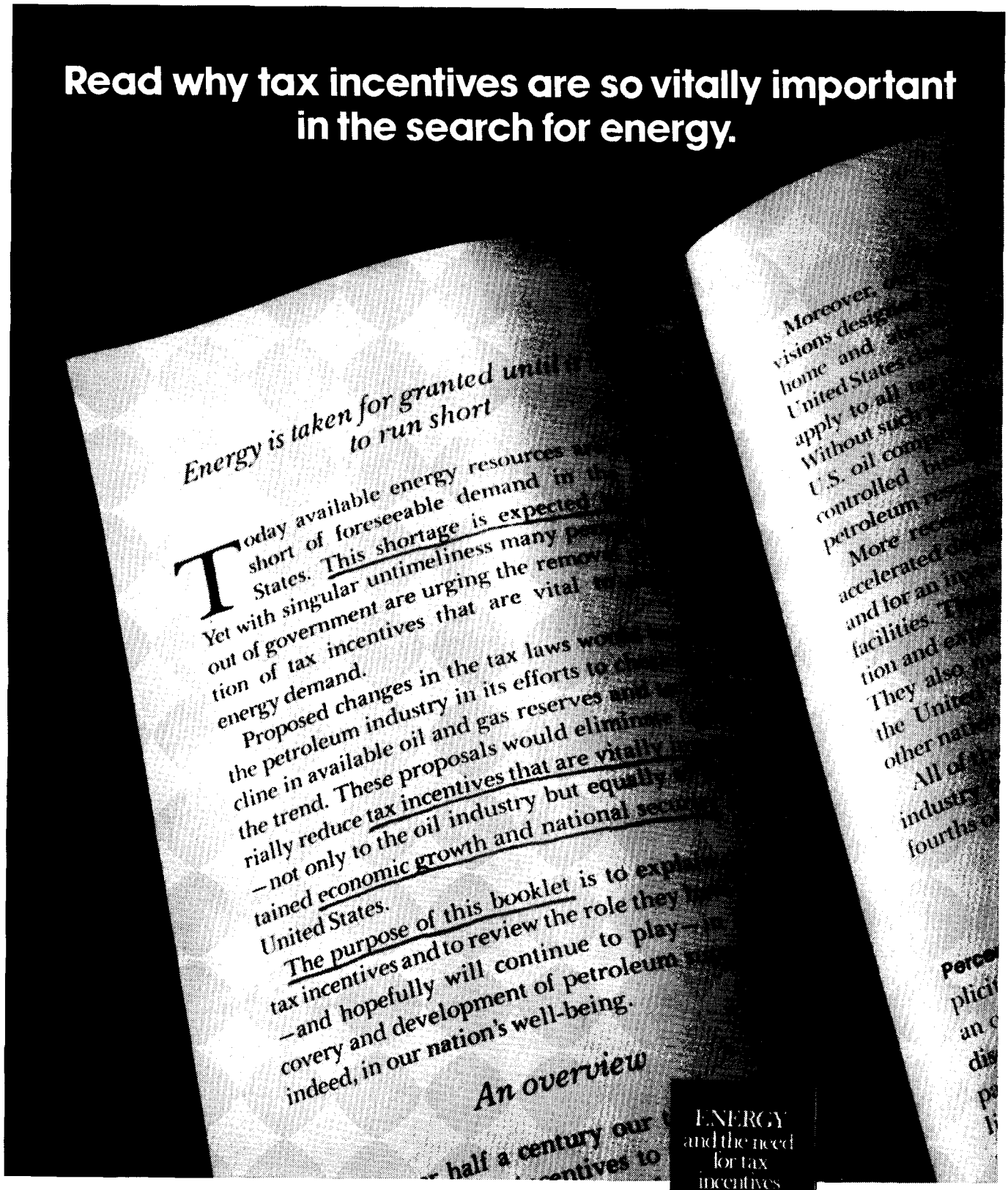

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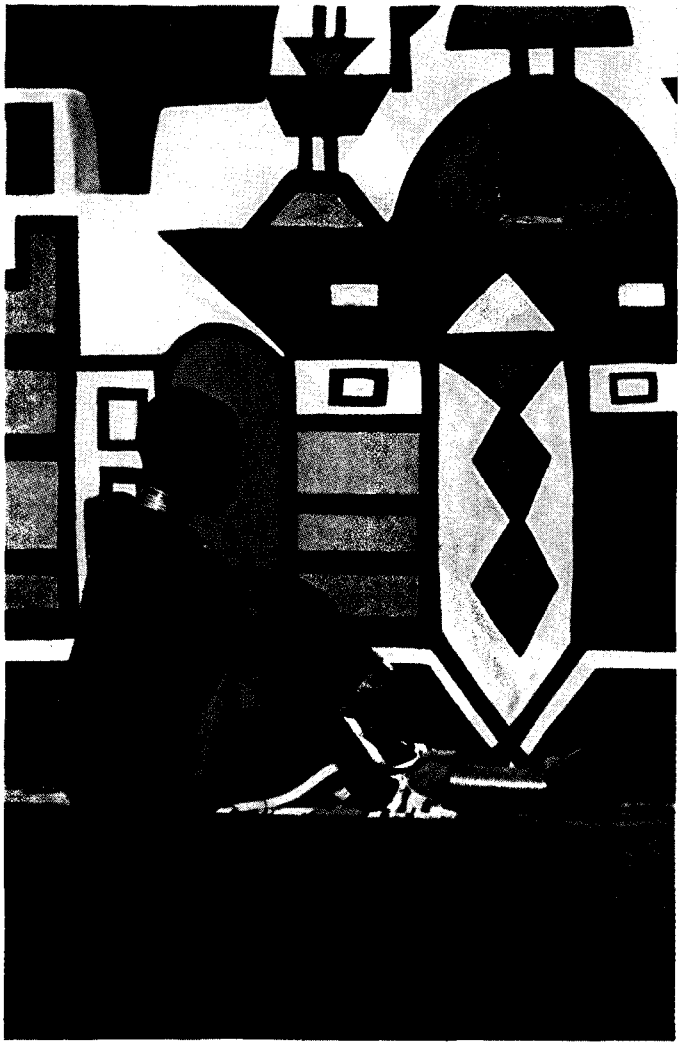

The women artists of the N'deble village have created abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses with masterly precision. There's something about the broad, bold strokes and bright, rich colors that has been an inspiration to artists like Picasso, Leger and Modigliani.

And the beadwork and blankets these women weave capture the same primitive spirit found in their paintings.

This fascinating village is just a short ride from Pretoria. And, as is the case with most South African art, you won't have to look *for* it to look *at* it. It's part of the scenery.

There are, of course, museums that contain great paintings and sculpture. But Ernest Ullmann's "The Playmakers" stands in front of Johannesburg's Civic Theatre. And the work of Coert Steynberg, one of the world's greatest sculptors, can be seen in public squares throughout South Africa.

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